JUL 2 - 1934

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THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 174 (New Series) SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

"IF the Bill is proceeded with. . . ." Did the Attorney-General, when he used these words in his letter to Dr. Sutherland of the Society of Friends, intend a hint that the Disaffection Bill would be quietly dropped? If so, no one outside the War Office and Admiralty will regard it as anything but a good riddance to bad rubbish. Sir Thomas Inskip himself has never relished the Bill or the humiliation of accepting amendments to it, while the Conservative members in Committee are so unenthusiastic that there has been another adjournment for lack of a quota. Outside in the country the opposition grows increasingly formidable. Next Sunday will see protest demonstrations not only in Trafalgar Square but also in numerous provincial centres; area conferences and committees to organise against the Bill, set up after the Council for Civil Liberties Conference, are preparing further activities throughout the country. The agitation is not at all confined to the extreme Left: it is supported by the Liberals and by the Labour Party, by local Trade Unions and by the Trades Councils, by the Co-operatives, by numerous "youth" organisations, and by the Society of Friends and other religious bodies.

The Sermon on the Mount

The truth is that a great many people who do not in the least wish to seduce troops vehemently object to the return of D.O.R.A. It was, no doubt, for that reason that the Attorney-General sent his correspondence with Dr. Sutherland to the *Times*: he hoped to show that under D.O.R.A., which in so many ways resembled the Disaffection Bill, the possession or distribution of religious and classical appeals to pacifism were not regarded as criminal. But though the correspondence shows that no record appears of anyone having been imprisoned on account of the Sermon on the Mount, a Government spokesman admitted that if the Sermon, or "any other portion of a sacred Book," were used to prevent men enlisting, it would have been a military offence. Actually, under D.O.R.A., pamphlets could be destroyed without a case ever coming into court. In a single fortnight, there were twenty police raids, thousands of pamphlets were confiscated and only in one case was there a prosecution. Among the books seized were John Stuart Mill's *Liberty* and H. G. Wells' *A Reasonable Man's Peace*. The Sermon on the Mount may have been seized and

destroyed without any charge in court. One man was convicted for possessing a Minute of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends and a circular on the treatment of Conscientious Objectors! The warning is clear: once give the police general powers of search and make it a criminal offence to "intend" pacifist literature to reach the troops, and the way is open for every kind of absurdity and every kind of infringement of the elementary rights of free speech.

Papen and the Nazis

Herr von Papen is not, it seems, to lose his head or his office for the audacious speech he delivered last Sunday. It was a speech which gave a startling expression to the present discontent in Germany and challenged the policy of several of the most important Nazi leaders. Its publication was suppressed by Goebbels' orders, but the gist of it got about, and it produced a furious counter-attack in the Nazi press, as well as disturbance in the inner councils of the Government. It is significant that General Göring himself in his attempt to calm the storm admits to the existence of some discontent, and of grounds for it, though he believes that presently there will be an improvement and a return of the old enthusiasm. Perhaps he is right, but it is not clear yet how the improvement is to be effected. In any case, though a split in the Cabinet has been avoided, the relations between Right and Left—between Papen, representative of the Junkers and earnest Catholic, and Goebbels and Rosenberg and the rest of the "Jacobins"—remain strained and precarious. We may presume that Hitler will exert all his influence to keep the balance, and it is possible that, as is suggested in our leading article, he will be pushed, in order to preserve the regime, into milder courses. "A disfranchised people," as Papen put it, "has no confidence to give." Hitler's influence is still dominant, and no doubt Göring was justified in saying that whether or not there is to be another revolution depends on the Führer's will. The Führer's will is likely to be to retain the support of the Right and Centre against the "left" element in the Nazis.

An Eastern Dictators' Meeting

Asia as well as Europe has had its meeting of dictators. The Turk and the Persian, the Ghazi Mustapha Kemal and the Shah Riza, have been hob-nobbing at Angora, and though the exact subjects of their discussions are not divulged, we are assured that everything went off in the friendliest way. There is at present, indeed, nothing for the two countries to quarrel about. They have no Austria as a bone of contention between them, though their common frontier is peopled by Kurds who can make themselves a nuisance to both. Nor is either obsessed, like Germany, with grievances, hatreds and ambitions. Both the Shah and the Ghazi are masterful soldiers; they are both firmly in the saddle, with little to fear, it would seem, from any foreign Power. Russia has long ceased to be a menace; the Ghazi indeed is on the best of terms with Moscow, and the only quarter in which he can possibly scent danger is Italy. Nevertheless Turkey, like the rest of us, is armament mad. Her expenditure on "defence" has increased and is increasing; it amounts now to a third or more of the total national expenditure. We do not suggest for an instant that the Ghazi has any aggressive designs; he needs, and desires, peace as much as the Russians do. But it is deplorable that these great forces should be considered necessary for the defence of a country to whose security there is singularly little sign of a threat. The Turks are poor and very heavily taxed; all this military expenditure can only be met by a serious sacrifice of social and economic welfare.

The Labour Question in the U.S.A.

The United States Congressmen have gone home, after a few days' delay caused by mild filibustering in the Senate; and President Roosevelt is left to carry on, with the aid of fresh powers conceded to him during the closing days of the session. Senator Wagner's Labor Disputes Bill has not become law; but a resolution of both Houses has equipped the President with powers for dealing with disputes more or less like those laid down in the Bill. The steel strike has been postponed by the decision of the Trade Unions; but this does not mean that the problem of "recognition" has been settled, but only that the Unions do not feel strong enough to strike until they see what line Mr. Roosevelt proposes to take. The steel employers are still sticking out for the right to preserve their company unions, and refuse to deal with the "outside" unions on the pretext that these latter are aiming at the "closed shop." The President seems to be set on a compromise which will fall far short of Trade Union recognition, but will allow the workers to be represented by delegates elected by union and non-union workers together—as in the pre-war Conciliation Schemes on the British railways. Such a solution is most unlikely to be acceptable to either side, or to work successfully. But it may be adopted none the less, if the Trade Unions are too uncertain of their power to risk a decisive struggle.

Where the "New Deal" Stands

Apart from the Trade Union question, the American waters are now rather smoother than they have been for some time past. The Securities Act has been so modified as to take the edge off the opposition of the business interests and to make more probable a reopening of the capital market. This, however, is not likely to do much as yet to expand employment; for before there can be any substantial new issues of capital, a great deal of refunding will have to be done, and this is likely to crowd out real new issues for some time to come. The new Housing Bill should give a much-needed stimulus to activity in the building trades; and the modification of the N.R.A., by dropping most of the arrangements for price-fixing, should weaken the consumer opposition to the organisation of American business which the codes have helped to bring about. The new Farm Mortgage Bill, one of the last measures passed by Congress before the adjournment, may be vetoed by the President on grounds of cost. If it is accepted, it will mean a virtual guarantee to farmers against eviction for the next six years. But though in this case Congress has acted against the President's wishes, in general his hold over it has remained firm to the end, and the attacks launched on the "New Deal" have been repulsed with surprising success. The President has gone some way to placate the American business world, and the idea that he is really a Socialist

in disguise is no longer held by any responsible person. The fact is that, for the moment, things seem to be settling down, and the new America is less unlike the old than seemed probable even six months ago.

Forty Hours at Geneva

The further proceedings at Geneva this week have not improved the prospects of the draft Convention on the forty-hour week. With the employers' group abstaining, and most of the Governments following their lead, there has been great difficulty in getting a quorum to vote upon the vital clauses. The workers' group voted solidly for the draft, despite its failure to give any adequate protection to wage-rates; and it has received the support of seven Governments—China, Denmark, Ireland, Italy, Norway, Poland and Sweden. These form a curious group—Fascist Italy and semi-Fascist Poland in alliance with socialistic Scandinavia and with Mr. De Valera's Ireland and Chiang-Kai-shek's China. Four Governments—those of Great Britain, Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg—voted against the opening clause; all the rest, the great majority, abstained (including Japan, who by a slip in last week's issue we said was absent). In these circumstances there is obviously no chance of an effective Convention. The British Government delegate maintains the pose that his opposition is entirely in the workers' interests; but this would be more convincing if he could persuade even a minority of the workers' delegates to accept it. The draft Convention is not a very good draft; but it is safe to say that the British Government and the employers would be quite as strongly opposed to it—if not more strongly—if it were improved.

Wanted: A Settlement

Mr. Chamberlain's statement in the House of Commons on the Anglo-Irish deadlock seemed even less likely to help a settlement than Mr. De Valera's recent reiteration that the Free State would never be satisfied without complete independence. Mr. De Valera may very well be right, but as he has no policy to suggest with regard, for instance, to the Northern Counties, his statement is not useful or important. But Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to promise totally to withdraw the embargo as part of a settlement on the annuities sounded as if designed to wreck. Or was it only prompted by caution in view of possible negotiations in the near future? There are reasons for suspecting that this is the truth. Rumours are afoot of new conversations behind the scenes, and a firm front in public is quite compatible with elasticity in private. Mr. De Valera is certainly feeling the pinch of the embargo, and the Labour Party is not alone in urging the British Government to attempt to end a situation which is doing considerable economic damage, especially in South Wales, and which is in any case a national disgrace. Some day we shall have to leave off talking, as Mr. Chamberlain did again, about different kinds of default. We feel that Mr. De Valera's default is peculiarly wicked and we can give good grounds for our view. Congress finds reasons for thinking our default peculiarly gratuitous, and so on. When are we going to cut the cackle and get down to settlements?

The Shops Bill

The passage of the Shops Bill is giving the Government a good deal of trouble. This measure lays down a legal maximum of forty-eight hours a week (exclusive of meal times) for young persons between the ages of 14 and 18 employed in shops. It is a long overdue reform of the present Shops Acts, under which the maximum is seventy-four hours (inclusive of meal times). But the Government's zeal for the welfare of the young is tempered by tenderness for their employers. Clause 2 of the Bill provided for a transitional period; the maximum was to be fifty-two hours at the end of this year, and the forty-eight-hour week was not to come into force till the end of 1936. This clause was defeated in Standing Committee last week on the very proper ground that a transitional period of two and half years was absurdly and scandalously long. The Government were annoyed and threatened to drop the Bill; now they have changed their mind and decided to go on with it—but they propose to restore the clause on the Report stage. There has been a further weakening also on Clause 3, which forbids the employment of young persons in or by shops between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., but allows boys and girls engaged in milk or bread distribution to begin at 5 a.m. An amendment carried on Tuesday now adds newspaper distributors to the host of early birds.

Sweating the Children

Mr. Rhys Davies warmly opposed this amendment, and Mr. Denman expressed the doubt (which every intelligent person must surely share) whether boys in the average working-class home will get enough sleep if they have to be out at work in the streets at five in the morning. Even if it is imperative that we should have our newspapers at dawn, it does not necessarily follow that children must be sacrificed to this need. But, of course, there are still, as in Disraeli's time, two nations in England—the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor—and a capitalist society will not be too soft about the children of the working class. There are many juveniles, by the way, condemned to long hours of work besides those who come under the Shops Acts. The Shops Acts cover about 400,000 of them; another 300,000 or so have no legal limit of hours. A correspondent in the *Times* the other day gave us some grim figures supplied by the National Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment—39,671 children between 14 and 18 with a working week of from 54 to 60 hours; 25,657 from 60 to 72 hours; and 1,207 of over 72 hours. There are hotel page boys and lift boys whose hours run to over 12 a day, and there are van boys, we are told, with an 80 and even a 90 hour week.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Change of Address

After To-day, June 23rd, our address will be

10 Great Turnstile,
High Holborn, W.C.1.

Telephone number at the new address is HOLBORN 3216.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.

A RESPECTABLE HITLER?

EUROPE is dogged by memories. It grows more than ever to resemble the conjunction of forces that led up to 1914. As yet it is nebulous, and speculation tries with indifferent success to penetrate the mist. The Führer visits the Duce at Venice. They posture in the Fascist manner; they embrace in front of cheering multitudes as Tsars and Emperors used to do; they seem to reach in their talks some rather vague formulas for common action against the Russians and the French. But does it mean that something resembling the old Central European Alliance is being reconstituted? If Poland is to be reckoned within it, or at least on its fringe, it might solidify into a formidable military power, with Austria and Hungary as its salient towards the East. Against it, as before, are Russia and France, linked by a tie that tends to resemble, *mutatis mutandis*, the old Dual Alliance. It is, however, incomparably stronger than that combination, with the British Empire omitted, ever was. France has consolidated her military as well as her economic power. She has at her beck and call the considerable man-power of the Little Entente. Russia in the interval, grown more homogeneous and more capable of highly organised action, is evolving into a great industrial power. Above all, she has in the air a fleet and a capacity for manufacture which some experts reckon as superior to that of Britain or France—superior even, it may be, to that of both together. Poland, it is true, is a new factor, and Italy is better equipped. She need no longer import coal and wheat, though she still lacks iron and oil.

The balance of power none the less—if we assume that the British Empire stands aside—seems to be heavily on the Franco-Russian side, so long as we confine our view to Europe. The stronger side is also the conservative side. France is a sated Power, anxious only to conserve what she won at Versailles. Russia, absorbed in her vast creative task at home, stands for peace—for peace at almost any price. She will swallow insults and smile at pin-pricks. She will, at the risk of compromising her theoretical position, enter the League of Nations. She will conveniently forget her former denunciations of the "Imperialist" Peace of Versailles. For five years at least, and probably for ten, she must have peace for herself, and she knows that she can have it only if Europe enjoys it too. Thereafter, she certainly would not wish for war; but she might feel strong enough to be sure of surviving it. "Rather like 1914," one sums up, "but decidedly more reassuring. For the stronger side is the conservative side. In 1914 the mischief was that neither side was conservative. France wanted Alsace and Russia Constantinople, while Germany wanted to found a vast economic Empire. It looks—if we confine our view to Europe—as if peace might be preserved for a decade."

This thesis is worth testing rather more closely in the light of immediate events. It is incomplete in some respects and questionable in others. It is incomplete because it confines itself to Europe. It omits Japan, and all its reckonings might be falsified if Japan were to attack Russia or become involved in a struggle with Russia by reason of her efforts to acquire a species of protectorate over China. For in that event one of the partners of the reconstituted Dual Alliance would be occupied in the East. No one supposes that this informal and as yet unavowed, alliance would operate outside Europe. It is an expedient for checking or encircling Germany, and that is all it is. The French did not help the Tsar at Tsushima; they will not help the Soviet at Vladivostok. As little can one assume that the League would function any better than it did in the Manchurian affair. Here, then, is the first anxious question-mark that one must score up against our reassuring reading of the European balance of power. It can be upset by Japan, for were she to attack, or even to immobilise Russia by a threat of attack, the Central coalition would become relatively stronger, and in consequence more exacting, conceivably even more bellicose.

The second question mark must be set against the internal condition of Germany, and the effect which it produces on the neighbours, more especially the Italians and the Poles, whom she hopes to group in a revisionist or expansionist coalition. That she has become a "totalitarian" and militarist State gives her a claim to the sympathies of the Duce and Marshal Pilsudski. That she has crushed the Left and fettered her workers is from their standpoint intelligible and indeed admirable. But even the Poles, who of late have learned to treat their Jews somewhat better than was their wont, criticise her anti-Semitism and sharply resent her persecution of the Catholic Church. From the Italian standpoint, Hitler's agitation in Austria is an intolerable provocation; for Austria, with the assent of the Western Powers, has been earmarked as the Duce's perquisite.

What was the meaning, then, of Hitler's visit to Venice? It certainly meant, first of all, that he is growing nervous under the isolation in which he finds himself—an isolation which Mr. Litvinov's pacts may soon deepen into encirclement. He perceives, presumably, that he cannot achieve his ends in Austria at once, and dare not achieve them by violence. As little can he renounce them. Austria is the strategical key to any advance towards the East, and it is also the emotional pivot of Hitler's neurotic egoism. In Vienna he endured failure, humiliation, impotence; he conquered Germany in order from this base to capture his native land and wipe out the memory of his early insignificance. But conceivably he may be groping after some compromise that will bring Vienna under a joint Nazi-Fascist regime. That, however, is impossible unless he makes his peace with Rome. This feud with the Church (whether he realises it or not) endangers also his victory next year in the Saar plebiscite and his understanding with Poland.

In this context one may have the clue to Herr von Papen's outburst. The Vice-Chancellor spoke as a Catholic and a Conservative. He underlined very heavily his loyalty to the Führer, but he made an open attack on his colleague Goebbels, and entered a plea for freedom in criticism (which must not be confounded with Liberalism). He was duly suppressed by Goebbels, and answered by Rosenberg, who is the chief spokesman of the Nordic anti-Catholic tendency. Some guess that Papen dared to speak because he knew that Hindenburg, and therefore the professional army, were behind him. But what if Hitler also is with him—vaguely, mystically, irresolutely as his manner is, but still on the whole with him? The man, in spite of his genius for demagogy, is a natural Conservative. It is possible that he aspires

to become a respectable tyrant—to make his peace with Rome, and to stop exploding stink bombs in the theatres of the Ring and scattering broken bottles in Viennese swimming baths. There is much else to confirm this guess—above all the announcement that the Storm Troops are to be given a holiday. Rumour has it that their commander Roehm is in disgrace, as well as ill, and that Bishop Müller, the author of the trouble in the Protestant Church, fares no better. One asks whether the Brown Army will ever reassemble after its leave in full force, with all its former powers for mischief. Göring who is also, in his ultra-brutal way, a Conservative rather than a revolutionary, has spoken somewhat in Papen's sense. We may be on the verge of a violent swing to the Right and respectability.

Hitler's economic difficulties may drive him in the same direction. The gold reserve is gone; the balance of foreign payments has made a moratorium on the foreign debt inevitable—even more obviously inevitable than it is in the case of our own American debt, though Mr. Neville Chamberlain is blind to the identity of those simultaneous defaults. The natural way of escape would be a devaluation of the mark. But dare Hitler do it, given the morbid attachment of the German middle class to what it would call a sound currency? But if he dare not devalue, his only hope would be to borrow in America or England. For that purpose also it would be well to look respectable.

Venice, then, may be a stage on a much longer journey —certainly to Rome, probably to Geneva, possibly to Wall Street and the City of London. It may mean consolidation, respectability, orthodoxy, and the dropping of the romantic ultra-Nordic, pseudo-revolutionary Nazi Left. But if it means this, it does not mean peace. On the contrary, it would mean rearmament as before, and for alliances a much brighter prospect than before. Alliances, needless to say, must be fatal to any mechanism of pooled security. Peace by the device of a European balance of power would be as precarious as it was in 1914. It would be precarious because the experts are fallible in their measurement of forces; they overvalued Russia then, they undervalue her now. It would be precarious also because it omits Japan. It can at best win some years of delay. But peace can be won only by a sweeping international reconstruction. For that it is not enough that tyrants should turn respectable; they must disappear.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE SAAR

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

ON June 1st, France and Germany agreed that the Saar plebiscite should be held on January 13th, 1935, about the earliest date possible under the Peace Treaty; this decision was included in the Report of Baron Aloisi's Committee which was voted by the Council of the League on June 4th.

With a definite date to work to and seven months to go, the struggle in the Saar is intensifying. In the last few months the German Front has become more formidable. Until March it was led by an incompetent Nazi named Spaniol, who, in a Catholic country like the Saar, made a boast of his anti-clericalism. Papen, Reich Commissioner for the Saar, became uneasy, and a radical change was effected. The German Front was reorganised on a more national and less Nazi basis under the real leadership of its founder, the iron magnate Hermann Röchling, who formerly belonged to Stresemann's *Volkspartei;* an insignificant Nazi named Pirro became nominally *Führer*. It was thus possible to reconcile the majority of the old Centre party; on the other hand, the more courageous Catholics broke away and founded a newspaper called the *Neue Saar Post*, which is now revealing itself as strongly anti-Nazi. The voting on January 13th is bound to remain largely a matter of Vatican policy. The Pope is no doubt well aware of the probability that the German Government is only waiting to make sure of the Saar before it allows a wholesale *Kulturkampf* to be launched; but he is afraid for the Catholics in Germany if he comes out into the open in the Saar. The Vatican has done nothing to discourage the *Neue Saar Post*, and it is even thought that it intends to replace the authority of the German Bishops of Trier and Speyer, who are subjected to all kinds of German pressure, by a Papal Commissioner in the Saar.

If the German Front is broader and therefore stronger than it was, it has more to contend with. News from Germany percolates slowly, but it is getting to be known that it is not much fun for Catholics in the Reich to-day, since the Concordat of last summer is increasingly disregarded by the Nazis. The Sarrois are becoming aware of the economic discontent in Germany, and all but those who swathe themselves completely in German propaganda are learning that Germany is something like bankrupt. The anti-Nazi groups hope for worse news before next January, but they themselves are hedged about with obstacles and hindrances. The Socialist and Communist leaders distrust one another, and they are disastrously short of money. The Saar workers are politically backward except in so far as long years of domination by the most Prussian employers before 1914 created nothing but a tradition of dissimulation, but this to-day cuts both ways and perhaps makes it easier for Communists to say "Heil Hitler" in Herr Röchling's works. The Communists, by the way, have been distributing a faked Nazi leaflet, begging people not to believe the socialistic rumours that Herr Röchling's capital will be expropriated, or the mayor of Saarbrücken's large salary reduced in Nazi Germany. This is a clever move in a working-class district like the Saar.

The voting on January 13th is to be free and secret, and the settlement of June 4th has provided safeguards for voters which appear to be satisfactory, and have on the whole had a reassuring effect. But that is not to say that there will not be violent revenge, if Germany wins, against those who have to any extent participated in the anti-Nazi campaign. No one believes that the plebiscite tribunal, which is to remain in the Territory until January 1936, will be able to prevent Nazi outrages and economic persecution; loyal Germans also are incredulous, though the German Government has given its word that these things shall not occur. This means that timid people do not risk any contact with anti-Nazis, but confine themselves to reading the Nazi press and listening in to the German wireless. It is interesting to see large groups of passers-by outside the *Neue Saar Post* and the Socialist and Communist offices, reading with the greatest solemnity the newspapers which are displayed in the windows. The most serious difficulty with which the anti-Nazis have to contend is the charge of separatism. The average non-political Sarrois probably says to himself: "I am a German—how can I vote against Germany?" and dismisses the matter so. If a short and definite period—five or ten years—of the *status quo* were the alternative, and if the voters could be assured that the League regime would in 1935 become more representative and less authoritarian, many people might be glad to postpone their return to Germany; it is obvious that to belong permanently to a tiny buffer state is only palatable to a handful of intellectuals who are aware of the prosperity of Luxembourg.

The German wireless, which since the Geneva Agreement has at least ceased its virulent attacks upon Mr. Knox and his colleagues of the Saar Governing Commission, threatens the Sarrois with economic ruin should the *status quo* continue, for Germany will cease to make war pension payments and will refuse to buy Saar goods. Clearly the Saar cannot hope

for continued economic gratuities from both France and Germany after next year. There is a local joke to the effect that there will be only one vote against Germany—that of Herr Röchling, who is deeply involved in French industry and has considerable French markets. But this is a bad joke, for Germany is Herr Röchling's best market, and he could do better within the Reich, though, if the *status quo* continued, the Germans would be unlikely to boycott his stuff in view of their continuing rearmament. While the Comité des Forges is probably indifferent to the fate of the Saar, there are French interests here which cannot share this attitude. On the whole the French State would not be sorry to be rid of the Saar coal mines and their pretty inferior produce. In terms of economics, the Saar struggle may most accurately be regarded as a conflict between the interests of Herr Röchling and those of the miners. For back in Germany the Saar coal would have difficulty in competing against the Ruhr, and employment would probably dwindle.

There will be plenty of trouble over these mines, by the way, if the Saar votes German. The Peace Treaty obliges Germany to buy back the mines at a price to be fixed by arbitration, but some Germans find reasons to repudiate the obligation. Herr Röchling, on the other hand, says, of course Germany will pay a just price, but he has recently been indulging in acrimonious attacks upon the French direction of the mines. For he asserts that the French have made use of the fifteen years since the peace to get as much out of the mines as they could, without putting capital into upkeep and improvement. Upon these charges it is obvious that Germany will base a claim to make little more than a nominal payment. M. Guillaume, the French Mines Director, repudiates Röchling's indictments, with what justification it remains for impartial experts to discover; Frenchmen make no bones about it, that they will be prepared to take extreme measures to ensure the payment by Germany of the price the arbitrators fix.

The Saar is Hitler's first objective; the *Neue Saar Post* even goes so far as to suggest that Hitler may, in the private conversations at Stra, have asked Mussolini to intercede with the Pope for support for Germany in the Saar. While for France the Saar question has strategical importance, for Germany it is a matter of prestige. Even a large minority for the *status quo* would be a humiliating blow for Nazi Germany; once the Saar is settled, Hitler is freer to coerce his Catholics and to think about "independent" Austria. For everyone who finds Hitlerism evil, the struggle in the Saar is thus a matter of first-rate importance. While the German Front is almost feverishly backed up by Germany, its opponents feel that they have been deserted by the League. It is indeed obvious that the League would be thankful to be finished with the embarrassments of the Saar problem, and has thus something like an interest in Germany's success in an early plebiscite.

It is obvious also that Mr. Knox, himself, while he has earned the undying hatred of the Nazis, has not been warmly supported at home in his valiant struggle for fair play in the Saar. Within the territory he has to work with mayors, judges and policemen who are far more loyal to Hitler than to him; the police look on without interfering when Nazis go rough with their opponents, and even when they tear down the blue-white-black flag of the Governing Commission. The settlement of June 4th, however, entitles the Commission to enrol local, and, "if necessary," foreign police; it is likely that some 2,000 will be added to the 1,200 who are now employed and that a considerable number of the new recruits will be German-speaking foreigners, such as Swiss, Luxembourgeois, and Austrians perhaps. The plebiscite commission of three which is to organise the voting in detail has now been nominated in Geneva, and is due to arrive here on July 1st; but it is Mr. Knox who remains the best guarantee for a fair vote in the Saar in January, 1935.

Saarbrücken,
June 18th.

A LONDON DIARY

WE are a peculiar people. At the Aldershot Tattoo I was impressed first by the enormous and quiet efficiency of the traffic arrangements for over 70,000 persons; and next by the solicitous care which as early as eight o'clock on a hot night forbade us to buy a glass of beer without first paying 2*s.* for a supper we did not want. Aesthetically, the show was magnificent; the lighting, the grouping and colouring were admirable. It was an odd fancy to give us "visions" from *Tannhäuser*, but they were pretty. It was an odder fancy to choose as a principal scene James II reviewing in 1686 the troops which deserted him less than three years later—can it have been intended to preach that military loyalty ought to be only conditional? The precision in elaborate movements of the five thousand men performing in the Tattoo was beyond praise; their sisters, *les girls* of the Paris music-halls, are inaccurate by comparison. The drill of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards was the most miraculously perfect spectacle I have ever seen. But at this point the moralist in me began to pop up his disapproving head. As long as we taxpayers have to pay for the training of troops, it is very proper that we as well as the generals should be given some pleasure from the spectacle of its results. But the discipline required to reduce human beings to such exquisite machines, is it, for practical purposes, necessary? If militarism is rightly defined by the Oxford dictionary as "the spirit and tendencies of professional soldiers," there has never been such a display of militarism as the Tattoo. As long as we have an Army, we must wish it to be efficient, but is there any relation between efficiency in drill and efficiency in modern warfare? Or is it just efficiency propaganda? After bludgeoning us with this formidable display, the programme informed us that the Army was an "undemonstrative instrument of mercy and hope." A clerical voice offered "praises and thanks to God through Whom they (the Army) have brought Help to the Weak, Justice to the Oppressed, Light and Health to the Darkest Places of the World, and Freedom to Men." A Cross appeared on the sky-line, where a minute before Britannia by waving a trident had produced an illuminated troop-ship, and the audience without any feelings of hypocrisy stood up to sing "Abide With Me." Whether the "Help of the Helpless" was Christ or Britannia remained agreeably obscure. "Abide With Me" was rapidly followed by "Mademoiselle from Armentières." We are indeed a peculiar people.

* * *

I wonder how many people noticed the following dialogue in a police court case arising out of the Olympia meeting?

> P.C.: The prisoner used insulting words and behaviour.
> Magistrate: What did he say?
> P.C.: He said, "Fascism means hunger and war."

Fortunately in this case the prisoner was acquitted, but it has been noticeable that both the injured and the arrested men seem to be almost exclusively anti-Fascists. I notice that one of Sir Oswald Mosley's papers is asking, "Where are the Victims?" Perhaps the shortest answer is in Sir John Gilmour's statement to the House of Commons—a statement which as reported in the *Daily Mail*, for instance, would seem to have been an exoneration of the Fascists. It was in fact nothing of the kind. The police, according to the Home Secretary's statement, did on one occasion enter "the precincts" of Olympia, but not the hall, and

> found one man who had been fairly severely handled. As they went in they observed other groups of Fascists struggling with and pounding and beating up others. There was a cry of "Police!" and the Fascists in the groups ran into the Olympia.

Sir John went on to report the details of seven cases treated in the West London Hospital, several of them for injuries apparently caused by knuckle-dusters, five treated by St. Mary Abbot's Hospital and two (one of them a woman Fascist with a black shirt and a black eye) by St. George's Hospital.

In no case was there any sign of the use of "razors," alleged by Sir Oswald. I shall be surprised if no cases come before the Courts. The law is quite clear that the Chairman is responsible for order at a public meeting on private premises. Who was Chairman at Olympia? Was it Sir Oswald himself? Whoever it was (according to the precedent of a Leeds meeting in 1911 at which Mr. Winston Churchill spoke) is liable for damages in case of undue violence with all those who actually committed the acts of violence.

* * *

I have never met anyone who has actually read a copy of the *Soldier's Voice*, which the Government spokesmen have quoted so extensively in defence of the Sedition Bill. It must be a most potent document, since a few odd copies are enough to provide the excuse for new legislation, designed not only to protect soldiers but also to deprive ordinary people of their civic rights. Further, the arrival of some issues of this publication in a London barracks has enabled the War Office to issue new bylaws for Military Land. Now I have no doubt that these bylaws are intended exclusively for the protection of soldiers. What worries me is that an exactly similar bylaw should have been used at Aldershot for what seems a quite different purpose. I cannot make any comment on the arrest of the four young men for distributing pacifist and anti-Fascist literature at Aldershot, since the case is *sub-judice*. But I gather that the police do not allege that these pamphlets were being distributed to the troops. The accused men were standing on military ground when they were giving out propaganda to the civilian crowds at the Tattoo. I feel that if similar bylaws are brought into force in London the Government should at least put up sign-boards to show when one is treading on sacred ground.

* * *

The compromise that was reached between the B.M.A. Committee and the Ministry of Health about the minimum standard of nutrition satisfied no one, and I am glad that a body of doctors and scientific workers are pegging away at the subject. The Committee against Malnutrition, which had its first public meeting last week, has practical aims, and has associated with it not only medical and scientific specialists but also teachers, social workers, nurses and others who have practical day-by-day knowledge of "malnutrition." Most of them are dissatisfied with the current notions of "minimum scales of diet" and are anxious to co-operate with scientific experts in a campaign against what amounts in many cases to slow starvation. At their meeting on June 13th, Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, F.R.S., was in the chair, and the speakers included Professor J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S., Dr. R. A. Lyster, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Dr. Stella Churchill. The Committee issues a bi-monthly bulletin (from the Secretary, 19c Eagle Street, Holborn, London, W.C.1), and its aim is defined as "solely that of giving people throughout the country the opportunity of centralising their information and co-ordinating all efforts to one end—the securing of adequate nourishment for every man, woman and child." They invite, as associates, all members of the medical profession, scientific and social workers, who agree generally that there is under-nourishment and physical deterioration, and that "the last thing upon which a community must economise is the nutrition of its working class."

* * *

Weekly papers receive some very odd inquiries. Not long ago a well-known daily paper rang up this office to know "why there were Kurds in Iraq?" to which the answer obviously was "for the same reason that there are curds in milk—they are indigenous there." But this incident does not compete with one that occurred to the *Economist* last week. "We have seen," said a feminine voice on the 'phone, "a number of references in the press to the Law of Supply and Demand. Could you kindly inform us what this law is and when it was passed?" CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. T. W. F. Sparrow.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Bishop says "Pray For Rain." More sunshine promised by experts.—*Daily Herald.*

The Government of 1934 is alienating our most loyal Dominions. The Government of George the Third lost us our American possessions—but there was no "Daily Express" then. Fight on in the name of common-sense for continued prosperity!—Letter in the Scottish *Daily Express.*

A concert in aid of the animals in India will be held to-day at 8, Upper Belgrave Street.—*Times.*

Ascot From the Air. This wonderful racecourse, nestling as it does beneath the shadow of the historic pile of Windsor Castle is, perhaps, the most steadfast sheet-anchor of Constitutional Monarchy in the world.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

The Aldershot Command puts forth its show with a sort of shy modesty, saying: "You know how it is, we are not really militaristic or anything like that, but, after all, there are a few soldiers about here, and this is only done for Service charities, anyhow.

So British! I am empowered to give an absolute assurance to any Communist or Socialist that the Tattoo is in no sense a preparation for war, that none of the guns are loaded, and that the men really enjoy the fun and do not feel that they are capitalist wage slaves. And, anyhow, when a performance ends up so beautifully with "Abide With Me," even Mr. Lansbury ought to feel that there is no great mischief afoot.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

"It is certainly the first I have heard of the offer," said Larwood himself. Precisely! The *Daily Sketch* once again has been first with the news. Larwood has not heard of the offer yet, but he will. —*Daily Sketch.*

We are shocked at nothing, and there is practically nothing we do not approve.—Dr. Julie Seton, head and founder of the New Civilisation School, quoted in *Sunday Referee.*

There was good scent on the water, but, unfortunately, several hounds were badly cut by broken glass. It is to be hoped that more care will be exercised in future in the disposal of glass, with a view to lessening the amount of unnecessary suffering for all dumb animals.—Report of an otter hunt in the *Western Morning News.*

A year ago his parents went to the school to make a complaint because she had chastised him, and their language was so abusive that she had to get the school to start singing to drown it.—From report in daily papers of case against schoolmistress.

Ascot is preparing quietly . . . . Every night for a week the course has been sprayed for hours with water.—*Daily Telegraph,* June 16th.

The solicitors to the Metropolitan Water Board have been instructed to prosecute at once in case of wastage.—*Daily Telegraph,* June 18th.

Margate offers free passes with mayoral souvenir for bathing, golf, tennis, theatres, steamer trips, and amusements, and Cologne entertains honeymooners similarly. "It is a very friendly gesture," said the Mayor of Margate, "and will go a long way towards healing old wounds, for Margate was heavily bombed during the war."
—*News-Chronicle.*

If ever there was a time it is this for all people who believe in our own English people to stand together and yet keep moving.—Mr. Baldwin, speaking at a Conservative fete, reported in the *Times.*

Clacton-on-Sea. — Temperance Guest House. Facing sea. 350 guests last Christmas, over 300 disappointed. . . .—Advert.

Peers Go To Ascot. House Half Empty for Bets Bill Debate. —*Telegraph and Argus.*

THE LIMITATIONS OF MONETARY REFORM

So far, we have confined these articles strictly within the limits of what is possible here and now—that is, under the capitalist system more or less in its existing form. We have been able to hold out no hope that a change in the methods of monetary management will suffice to cure the ills of capitalism, though it may do something to lessen the creakings of the capitalist machine. For we regard money, not as the final source of the world's present troubles, but only as an aggravating factor. The misbehaviour of money greatly increases the instability of capitalism. But even if the monetary machine were perfectly adjusted to its purpose, the root causes of that instability would remain in being. They lie in the uneconomic distribution of wealth, and in the chaos of the productive system.

Money itself produces nothing; it is, except when it gets out of hand and becomes a clog upon production, no more than a means of facilitating the exchange of goods and services. Accordingly, the monetary machine should be the servant of the productive and distributive system, and should be so managed as to fit in with its needs. But it cannot be so managed if the system which it ought to serve is devoid of any coherent plan. In a simple society, using only cash transactions and unblessed by the art and mystery of banking, the adjustment of the supply of money to the needs of production is largely automatic, though even in such a society much damage may be done by sudden changes in the available supply of the precious metals, forcing prices up or down and destroying their established relationship to debts and fixed, or nearly fixed, incomes. The Middle Ages suffered continuously from scarcity and debasement of the currency; and the rise of prices which followed the inrush of gold from America was the chief factor of disequilibrium in the opening phases of modern capitalism. The supply of money has always been a difficult problem; but it became infinitely harder when to the uncertainty of the supply of metallic money was added the great discovery of the bankers that they possessed the mysterious power to create money out of nothing and to annihilate at will the money that they had made.

From the ills which this power to make and destroy money has brought in its train some economists have concluded that the instability of production would vanish if only this arbitrary power were taken away. We are told that if the quantity of money were absolutely fixed prices would speedily adjust themselves to the available supply of means of payment, and we should only have to let things alone in order to ensure that every agent of production would be fully employed at a price corresponding to its real productivity. There would be no reason, we are told, for industrial activity to vary, if only the bankers were prevented from causing alternate booms and slumps by varying the supply of purchasing power.

Economists are fond of trying to demonstrate this by assuming what they call a "condition of equilibrium" in a "static" society in which no technical changes at all are supposed to occur—and sometimes even no changes at all in the demands of the population, whose number is supposed to be also unchanging. Doubtless, if such society did exist, it would be a stranger to booms and slumps; for booms and slumps alike presuppose changes in the character of demand, and are closely associated with technical change. But to imagine such a society is in effect to abstract from real societies their most essential characteristics. Capitalism is in its essence a dynamic system; it is capable of being interpreted only in dynamic terms.

As soon as account is taken of technical changes and of changes in the character of demand, it ceases to be possible to regard the economic system as self-adjusting, even in the absence of monetary disturbance. For the balancing of supply and demand is no longer a matter of repeating endlessly an established routine, but of constant adaptation to new forces arising in both spheres. Every change in the direction of demand requires changes in the productive machine; and every change in relative costs of producing different things alters the direction of demand. The advocates of *laisser faire* contend that these adjustments will be best made by letting things alone, so that the competition of the producers responds to every change in the conditions of demand and cost. But where full competition exists, the result is not equilibrium, but a continual process of trial and error, by which producers first make mistakes, and then try to correct them. This must be so, not only because producers can never know fully what the direction of demand will be, but still more because, under competitive conditions, no producer ever knows fully what his competitors are doing or proposing to do.

When competition is limited by sectional monopolies, as it is in every advanced capitalist society, this does not mend matters. The monopolist may be better equipped for anticipating the course of demand, and can eliminate the waste that arises from competitors producing too much of the same thing in ignorance of one another's doings. But ultimately no sectional monopoly is a monopoly; for consumers can substitute not merely Mr. B.'s cigarettes for Mr. A.'s, but anything they like. They can give up smoking, or smoke less, and take to motoring, or theatre-going, or spending more on the house, or saving more and spending less, or any of a thousand other things. The possibilities of substitution are endless, and no monopolist can ever quite get away from them.

Accordingly, there is never under capitalism any assurance that supply and demand will be rightly adjusted. From this it follows that there is never any assurance that it will be worth while for business men to employ all the available factors of production. They will decide how much to produce, and how many workers to employ, by trying to hit on the level of production that will yield them the highest profit; and this may often be a level that leaves a good many people unemployed. But if once people do become unemployed, their condition tends to become perpetual; for the abolition of their purchasing power restricts the market for goods, and so makes it less worth while than before to extend the scale of production.

Under capitalism, depression tends to be self-perpetuating, quite apart from any misbehaviour of the monetary machine. But, if this is so, should not prosperity be self-perpetuating in an equal degree? For the fact that people are employed and earning incomes is a reason for continuing to employ them. This would be true in the main, if it were not for technical change. But this is constantly causing workers to be displaced by machines, under conditions which cause business men to think it most profitable not to extend production to an extent sufficient to absorb all the displaced labour. Accordingly, technical changes cause unemployment and so decrease purchasing power; and prosperity is not self-perpetuating, even apart from any fault in the management of money.

It is, of course, true that a decrease in total employment need not mean a decrease in purchasing power in terms of money; for the total prices of all the goods on the market and the total incomes of those still in employment may remain as large as before. But this is not the point, which is that the money is being exchanged against either less goods, or goods produced with a smaller expenditure of productive resources, so that a part of the power to produce goes to waste.

This tendency, inherent in capitalism, to waste productive resources, is greatly aggravated in one direction, but also alleviated in another, by the behaviour of money. The creation of additional money out of nothing, and the advancing of it in the form of producers' credits, becomes a means, by raising prices faster than costs, of inducing business men to employ resources which would otherwise have been left unused. This is so far to the good; but banks seldom stop creating credit at the right point—that is, when there are no surplus resources of production left unused—or dole it out in the right proportions to different types of producers. In a boom credit is created till its only effect can be to raise prices without causing additional employment, and it is also so created as to lead to over-production of some things and under-production of others. There is an inflationary rise of prices; but at the

same time the prices of the goods that have been over-produced begin to fall, or unsold stocks to accumulate.

At this point bankers and business men alike begin to take fright. The less foolhardy business men cut down production or orders for stock, and the banks sharply contract their loans. A crisis occurs, and most industries soon slump.

It appears, then, that if banks could be induced to create credit up to the point required to induce full employment, and then to hold the supply of credit steady at that point, there would be no need for the crisis to occur. But to hold this is to forget that credit is being mal-distributed even before it becomes redundant in total amount. Bankers have not the knowledge to prevent this. They cannot have the knowledge, because, under our present economic system of planless production, the necessary knowledge does not, and cannot, exist. Moreover, it should not be assumed that the banks have at all times the power to bring unemployed productive resources into use merely by the creation of additional credits. There is ample evidence that they have not, and that a policy of "easy money" may be quite ineffective in stimulating production if it is applied during a slump. For bank money is borrowed money. Even if it is available at low interest, it has to be repaid; and business men will not borrow it unless they see a prospect of profit by its use. But unless it is borrowed, and so gets into effective circulation, it cannot do its work of raising prices and demand, and so making the borrowing of it worth while. Banks can make booms when economic conditions are already favourable. They can turn booms into slumps by contracting credits. But they cannot turn slumps into booms merely by the manufacture of money. They can, however, check a recovery by refusing to manufacture it.

In fact, the power of the banks is that of abetting, or of thwarting, real economic forces arising in the sphere of production or demand, and not that of substituting their influence for these forces. It follows that, if we want to cure the instability of capitalism, we must act upon these economic forces as well as upon the monetary machine. We must set out to plan production in such a way as to ensure that all the available productive resources will be fully and continuously used; and therewith we must plan money in such a way as to fit in with our production plan.

Of course, no amount of planning will secure absolutely full use of all productive resources. Nor can a planned economy escape from the limitation that the way in which consumers will apportion their demands among different goods and services can never be absolutely known in advance. A planned economy can never be immune from errors of judgment arising from a wrong anticipation of demand. But it can eliminate errors due to lack of knowledge about the actions and intentions of other producers, not only in the same branch of industry, but in all. It can, therefore, hope to approach much more nearly than the present system to a correct anticipation of relative demands—the more so because it will certainly pursue a more equalitarian policy in distributing the final product of industry, and this will make most demand easier to foresee.

The final superiority, however, of planned production is that it makes possible a social decision to employ as nearly as possible all the available resources of production, and to make this employment continuous. For a planned economy can never be in the position of seeing a better prospect of profit in leaving a part of its resources idle, both because it will have to bear the costs of maintaining the idle resources—whereas under capitalism these do not fall directly on the entrepreneur—and also because the profit that accrues from under-producing must always be a profit at someone else's expense, and can never be a profit from the standpoint of the economy as a whole.

Planned production, then, with planned money operated in relation to the needs of a planned productive system, is the cure for our economic disorders. Planned money is an essential element in the solution; for an anarchic monetary system could seriously endanger the success of a planned system of production. But the money plan will be, and must be, secondary to the plan of production and distribution.

BATH-WATER

IF we may judge from the correspondence columns in the press, one of the most absorbing topics in Great Britain at the moment is the use of bath-water in the garden during a drought. Hitherto most of us have scarcely given a thought to bath-water. It was water spoiled for common use through its defilement with soap and the soilure of our bodies. As children, we maintained a keen enough interest in it till the last pint of it had disappeared with a terrifying gurgle down the waste pipe; but that was because our nurses, in order to compel us to come out and be dried, had invented a legend that we, too, might be swept down the pipe, where a beast of the family of the Loch Ness monster lay in wait for us. Shades of the prison-house began to close about us, however, and the golden light of credulity was no longer able to penetrate our darkness. Romance gave place to that form of blindness which is called realism. Bath-water, when once used, became to us mere dull and dirty water. It was not even saleable, like old rags and old paper. It was the most worthless and most uninteresting thing in the world.

It required the prolonged drought to convince most of us that it is a mistake to adopt an attitude of contempt, even to bath-water. Men and women of all classes have suddenly become alive to the fact that, in the absence of rain, bath-water is a precious thing that should no more be thrown away rashly than the juices of the vine. It is, some of them even declare, more beneficial than the rain itself would be to the roses and violas in the garden. That admixture of soap, which we once believed ended its uses, appears to give it new qualities of enrichment and to provide it with alkalis that are among the luxuries beloved by the flowers. The very offscourings of our bodies, it may be, are a sweet dish to a pansy. Who can tell? All living things except man have queer tastes. Does not the cow eat grass and the donkey thistles?

Man, however, is a lazy animal. Realising that the flowers in his garden are craving for this once-despised bath-water, he is still perplexed as to which is the easiest way to transfer the dirty water from the bath-room to the garden. To scoop it up in a bowl and to pour it into a watering can and then to walk up and down stairs again and again with the watering-can till he has filled larger outdoor receptacles with the contents of the bath is tedious work even for a man who has nothing else to do. If he is addicted to a cold bath, he may, of course, pour each canful, when he takes it down, straight on to the flower bed, but in blazing sunshine that may do little good to the flowers. Whether the water is hot or cold, he will probably find it best to store the precious stuff up till the approach of sunset, when every flower, gasping like a fish on dry land, will be able to appreciate his showers of blessing before falling into its evening slumbers.

Readers of the *Times* have been suggesting a variety of labour-saving devices for getting the bath-water into the garden. One reader recommends "syphoning" the water from the bathroom to the outer world. Another reader says that he knows a better method. He has "attached an old inner-tyre tube (cut) to the end of the waste-pipe, near the drain; and then, by means of either old treacle-tins or tinned-fruit tins, with their bottoms cut out, he put on as many more inner-tubes as necessary. The tins," he explains, "make a perfectly water-tight joint, as the soft rubber tyres can be stretched well over them. The resultant 'hose' is moved to a different place each night, and the bath water does the rest." How ingenious human beings become when cast away on a desert island or left in similarly challenging circumstances! How Nature comes to their aid, too, with a supply of inner-tubes and old treacle-tins, as in *The Swiss Family Robinson*! I, unfortunately, should have to do an injury to my motor car in order to procure an inner-tube, and I should not know where to lay my hands on an old treacle-tin if my life depended on it. I do not even know whether we use

tinned fruit in the house, and in these hard times it would seem scarcely decent to try to borrow an old tinned-fruit tin from a neighbour. Besides, even if I had an old treacle-tin or an old tinned-fruit tin with the bottom cut out, and an inner-tube, and all the rest of it, I should be perfectly incapable of putting them together in such a way as to devise the elaborate contraption by means of which the *Times* correspondent waters his garden. I should feel exactly as I should feel if some one gave me all the parts of a motor car or a wireless set with instructions how to put them together. Tasks such as these are for scientific giants. If my flowers depended on my engineering capacity, they would indubitably die of thirst.

At the same time, this correspondent's letter confirmed me in my belief in the worth of worthless things. Not only has he found old bath-water useful: he has found even old inner-tubes and old treacle-tins useful. Who will ever again be able to throw anything away with a good conscience? I once knew a man who, when he had lit his pipe with a match, always put the dead match into his waistcoat pocket. He realised that, by relighting it at a gas-bracket, he could use it again. That man seems now to have been a pioneer. He saw that there was nothing, however worthless it seemed, that was really worthless. Yet how many things we throw away carelessly every day—empty cigarette packets, empty bottles, old corks, old newspapers! I myself am something of a miser as regards useless things, and can scarcely bear to throw away even an old postcard. I hate to see the medicine cupboard cleared of its old half-finished bottles. When I get a new shaving-brush, I am still faithful enough to the old one to wish to preserve it for a rainy day. If the house were full of old treacle-tins, I should, I am sure, be reluctant to see them committed to the indignity of the dust-cart. It now looks as though this hatred of throwing things out may have a basis in common sense. Hitherto I have been credited with nothing better than indolence.

I had no sooner grown complacent as regards my appreciation of worthless things, however, than Lady Maud Warrender published a letter declaring that all these tubes and tyres are entirely unnecessary for the purpose of getting bath-water into the garden. "Why," she asked, "worry about tyre tubes and treacle-tins, when you can place a tank on the ground outside and fill it with a tin can from the bath-room window? Having shot tigers and targets," she added, "I find it easy to make a good hit at the tank for the benefit of my thirsty garden." This seems to me to be turning the needs of the flowers into an occasion for sport. Moreover, in the course of her tiger-shooting, Lady Maud must sometimes have missed the mark. What if she misses the tank with one of her canfuls of bath water? May not a peony suffer in consequence? What is fun to her may be death to the lupins. I cannot say I like the introduction of the element of blood-sport into the provision of those innocent creatures, the flowers, with their meed of bath-water. Little drops of bath-water should not be used as the ammunition of a big-game hunter when the forget-me-nots have such need of them. Better the tedium of the treacle-tins than such heartless play.

The question arises, however, whether the citizen has the right to use the bath-water in his garden during a water-shortage. Recently, a villa-dweller, believing that a Englishman's bath-water was his own to do as he liked with, carried the soapy water out of his bath to the flowers in his garden, and, being observed by one in authority, was asked whether he had a licence for the outdoor use of water. He admitted that he had not, was prosecuted, and fined. He was punished, I suppose, on the theory that anybody could carry any amount of clean water from the bathroom into his garden and pretend that it was only bath-water. The water authorities take no risks, feeling justly that no man who loves flowers is to be trusted. If the use of the hose is to be forbidden even to those who have taken out a licence, however, can we be sure that the licence-holders will play the game if still permitted to use their bath-water? Will some of them not be tempted to fill the bath extravagantly full in order to have enough water for their flower-beds? Will others of them, deprived of the hose, not brazenly fill their watering-cans at the bathroom tap, with a story ready for the inspector, if he calls, that they were merely using water they had already bathed in? I have a high opinion of human nature, but I do not trust gardeners. It will be a pretty problem, if the drought continues, how far the State can take the risk of allowing the citizen to make what use he pleases of his own bath-water. Meanwhile, mine goes to enrich the grateful earth. How pleasant it is to feel that one is of some use in the world after all!

Y. Y.

THINK OF A NUMBER

THE Allies, anxious to increase
The chances of perpetual peace,
By treaty limited the "Huns"
To warships of ten thousand tons.
The Germans (an ingenious race)
Making the best of their hard case,
Though wincing at the treaty's grip,
Produced a "pocket-battleship"
So formidable and so fast
That France (whose haggard statesmen passed
Their time in wrestling with devices
To stave off budgetary crises)
Set Monsieur Such-a-one to work
To draw the lines of the *Dunkerque*,
And, to frustrate all knavish tricks,
Replied to ten with twenty-six.
Now Italy (whom is it rash
To quote as somewhat short of cash?)
Feels, by comparison, her fleet
Is obsolescent and effete;
So plans, to solace her abasement,
Two brand new ships with a displacement
Of five-and-thirty thousand tons,
Equipped with more, or larger, guns.
And could the hot-heads of all nations
Get rid of present limitations,
In Britain, U.S.A., Japan,
They'd call, when once the race began
(While urging rulers to be thrifty)
For forty thousand tons or fifty.
But who, when they had had their will.
(And totted up, and paid the bill),
Would feel their safety free from doubt,
I, like old Kasper, can't make out.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE IRISH ANNUITIES

SIR,—"Quis corriget ipsos correctores?" Mr. Tilney accuses you, sir, of being "amazingly inaccurate" in the matter of the Irish annuities. Will you permit me to demonstrate that so far as essential violation of the truth both in form and substance is concerned he himself is, *hors concours*, the villain of the piece? His good faith is not in question—but why not verify his references before rushing into print?

Mr. Thomas claims against the Irish Free State under an alleged Agreement of March, 1926. This Agreement, if in fact it was an Agreement (there is a doubt about this), was never ratified by the Irish Legislature. By the constitutional law and usage of the Dominions, even more than by international law, ratification was essential if the document were to be valid. Such is the Irish contention. Arbitration on the resulting controversy, accepted in principle by both countries, failed because the Irish Free State stipulated for an unrestricted arbitration whilst Mr. Thomas demanded an arbitration tribunal on which none but British citizens should serve. There is, thus, no admitted legal basis for Britain's claim against Ireland. On the other hand, there is

an admitted legal basis for America's claim against Britain. The contrast is between Ireland defaulting because she repudiates the legality of the claim and Britain defaulting whilst fully admitting the legality of America's claims.

Let me admit quickly to the indignant Mr. Tilney that legality of claim is not everything—that behind legality there lie merits, substance, essential justice. With the merits of the British case for defaulting in payments legally due to America I am not here concerned. But I am concerned to show that Mr. Tilney has very grievously misrepresented the merits which lie behind Ireland's not unreasonable refusal to pay moneys which have not been—and probably cannot be—shown to be legally due.

Mr. Tilney's parable about the Building Society is good enough so far as the Irish farmer (purchasing his farm) is concerned; he got the money and he continues to be liable for and to pay his instalments. But who lent him the money originally? "Our Government lent him the money," replies Mr. Tilney," and on very advantageous purchase terms." That is where poor Mr. Tilney's argument falls down flat. It was not the British Government that lent the money—the lender was (through the Irish Land Commission) the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain *and* Ireland. The issues were issues from the joint Exchequer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain *and* Ireland, and the purchase annuities were payable to that joint Exchequer until Ireland, as the Irish Free State, acquired a separate Exchequer of its own. To implement the separation of the previously united Exchequers, the Anglo-Irish Treaty provided the machinery for a financial settlement and a basis of apportionment of the assets and liabilities of the previous partnership between the British Government and the Irish Free State. The disputed Agreement of March, 1926, referred to above, under which Mr. Thomas claims the annuities, purported to embody the Ultimate Financial Adjustment under the Treaty. It was never ratified—its validity is in dispute.

Thus, Mr. Tilney's picture of Mr. De Valera or the Irish Free State as a defaulting agent or middleman is a pointless caricature. Until the juridical issue is decided, the legal right to the annuities is in abeyance. And while it is in abeyance how can Ireland's moral right to retain the annuities be questioned, seeing that the British Government surrendered these very annuities to the Governments of Northern Ireland and Southern Ireland by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and that such liability as the Irish Free State accepted under the Treaty in respect of the Public Debt of the United Kingdom of Great Britain *and* Ireland, has been expressly relinquished by Britain under Agreement of December, 1925, which was ratified by the Parliaments of the two countries? HENRY HARRISON

London.

THE BLACK ARMY

SIR,—I must protest against your misrepresentation of our policy in your article "The Black Army," in your last issue.

Sir Oswald Mosley is not anti-Internationalist. Has he not borrowed freely from Italy and Germany? There are two officers of the British Union of Fascists in Berlin. Sir Oswald himself has given the Fascist salute to Mussolini in Rome and Hitler in Nuremberg. I should like to protest against the malicious rumour that Sir Oswald is in receipt of Black Gold from Rome and Brown Gold from Berlin, to aid him to overthrow the British Empire.

Sir Oswald is definitely Pacifist. One of his charges against the Jews is that their boycott is endangering the peace between this country and Germany.

Sir Oswald is definitely Socialist. First, there is his idea of Service. Secondly he proposes to Nationalise Banking and set up an Investment Board, a plank in the Socialist platform. I enclose a copy of *Attack*, the Green Shirt organ, in which, on the last page, you will find an argument between a Green Shirt and a Fascist speaker who is setting forth the above policy.

Sir Oswald is not anti-Jewish. On the occasion of the regrettable clash last year between members of our organisation and those of the rival Imperial Fascist League, Brigadier-General Blakeney, of the latter organisation, which is anti-Semitic, stated that Sir Oswald could not be a good Jew hater, because of his Jewish connections, referring no doubt to the late Lady Mosley's descent from Leir Leiter, the German Jewish Chicago millionaire. Besides, one is well aware of his friendship for Kid Lewis, the Jewish middle-weight boxing champion. BRITISH FASCIST

38 Morton Way, Southgate, N.14.

SIR,—A friend of mine recently joined the Fascists at a branch in Hammersmith. He did so because their talk of "action" appealed to him. He found that the rank and file were chiefly renegades from the Communist Party who had decided there was "more fun" to be had as Blackshirts; that they had no constructive policy; and that it was the invariable custom to carry knuckle-dusters or a life-preserver down the trouser leg. My friend has ceased to be a member. AUSTIN LEE

The Sailors' Palace,
680 Commercial Road, London, E.14.

AIR MAIL RATES

SIR,—May I, as Chairman of the Air Committee of the House of Commons, enlist interest and, I trust, support in a general plea for the reduction of Imperial Air Mail rates? I recently put a question to the Postmaster-General and asked him if he could reduce the air mail rates, not only for internal air services, but on the Imperial air mail routes at present being operated. The answer that I received was:

> The air postage rates on the Imperial services are constantly under review, and are fixed as low as possible consistent with the avoidance of actual loss.

During the debate on the Post Office Vote, I told the Postmaster-General that "this is scarcely the answer that we should have got from Rowland Hill."

Reducing the price we have to pay for sending a letter by air from one part of the Empire to another is no longer a departmental issue, but a national one. Civil aviation, the prosperity of which closely affects the whole of our military and commercial prestige in the air, is fighting against severe handicaps. The amount of assured freight in both passengers and goods is insufficient to warrant any very heavy outlay on new machine construction, new route planning or the inauguration of faster and more frequent regular services. If mail rates were cut, civil aviation would be given the assured freight by which alone its development can be accelerated.

The air is the road and sea and rail of the future, and our very existence depends upon the control of our own flying destinies. By no means can that be accomplished more certainly than by encouraging civil aviation to expand. The Post Office can afford the experiment. It makes a profit of ten millions a year, while our air future hangs in the balance. MURRAY F. SUETER

House of Commons.

THE DROUGHT

SIR,—We hear so often bitter Socialist complaints of the lack of enterprise shown by the National Government in tackling national problems that it is a pleasant change to see the masterly manner in which the Government has dealt with the drought.

For the past nine months, as Mr. Bernard Shaw pointed out recently,* it has been common knowledge that there would probably be a water shortage this summer. This, Sir, is rightly a national problem, and as such it has deserved (and apparently received) the deepest thought that the National Government can give. For nine months the country has awaited with ever-growing excitement the National Plan. Last week the secret was out; and a grateful public hailed the solution, magnificent in its simplicity: an injunction, on stick-on-labels, to USE LESS WATER.

How much simpler this is than any grandiose Socialist plan of actually supplying water, with all the expenditure on public works that would have been entailed! And how satisfactory for those villagers whose water supply has already given out, to find themselves willy-nilly model citizens, with a new-made virtue to balance their necessity!

But there is another and more serious side to the problem. If it be the duty of the ordinary citizen to use less water, how much more vital for a soldier to use even less. I ask you, Sir, to use your influence to ensure that penalties be provided in the Sedition Bill for all those who would turn our soldiery into water-wasting bath-lizards. Full powers should be provided for searching the houses of those suspected of possessing soap with intent to distribute it among the fighting forces. We must suppress the secret trade in sponges, towelling and flannels; better, as Kipling has said, an army of muddied oafs than one of flannelled fools.

* Fabian Soc. Jubilee, June 14th, 1934.

Dirt and war are inseparable, and our sedition-mongers, with their cries of "Peace in Our Time," have proved themselves to be clean washouts. Let us, therefore, live our model lives with pure hearts and unclean hands. We know how closely cleanliness and godliness are allied: and, after all, it is the godly, with their dangerous doctrines of brotherly love, who play so prominent a part in what Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., has aptly termed "stirring up peace."

IAN B. R. CATER

10 Southwood Hall, N.6.

EDEN RIVER

SIR,—I am grateful to Miss E. B. C. Jones for her very interesting and sympathetic review of my *Eden River*, and if she has misunderstood me at any point I blame myself rather than her. May I, nevertheless, correct her on a point of fact which is perhaps of crucial importance in the tale? Miss Jones remarks that the fatal uprush of exclusive love in Abel is not accounted for, but merely stated as "a strange new notion that had taken possession of him." But this is not so. In the Eden of my tale there was at first no knowledge of the fact of paternity, and Abel's "strange new notion" is nothing more nor less than his intuitive discovery of that fact, of which his desire for the exclusive possession of a woman is the inevitable consequence. This "strange new notion," first hinted at in that phrase, is made explicit two pages later, in the dialogue between Abel and Cain, when Abel, in simple language, explains to his incredulous brother the biological facts of the matter. The motive behind Abel's jealous monopoly of Kirith is the ambition, born of his discovery, to perpetuate himself in children indubitably his own.

GERALD BULLETT

Harting, Sussex.

STELLA BENSON

SIR,—I have been asked by Mr. O'Gorman Anderson to write the life of Stella Benson (Mrs. Anderson). I would be grateful if any who have letters of hers which they are willing to have published, in whole or in part, would send them to me. They will be copied as soon as possible, and then returned.

11 New Square, R. ELLIS ROBERTS

Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

THE CHURCH OF S. BASIL

SIR,—In his review of David Roden Buxton's book on Russian architecture, Mr. J. Isaacs makes use of the sentence: "In the sixteenth century came the horrors of the Church of S. Basil in Moscow."

My ignorance of matters architectural is encyclopaedic and I am quite prepared to accept the dictum of any competent authority that the Church of S. Basil is all wrong, but I do know that it is not only the most wonderful but one of the most beautiful buildings that I have ever seen.

Such a statement as the one I have quoted seems to me to be only explicable by that sort of hide-bound pedantry which blinds the possessor to the beauty of the world we live in.

To take a parallel from my own sphere; the other day I picked up *Barnaby Rudge* and started to read the account of the burning of Newgate. On the first page I found three sentences so sloppily constructed that any of my pupils who had the ingenuity to work them into an essay would have promptly received a (well-merited) rap over the knuckles. I do not, however, refer to the said chapter as an example of the horrors of Dickens's English, but as an example of the heights to which English prose can rise in the hands of a master.

ALEX WICKSTEED

Kostomarovski per 15 kom 76

Moscow 64.

GIERKE

SIR,—Professor Carl J. Friedrich, of Harvard University, informs us that Dr. Bernard Freyd, Ph.D. (University of Washington), has completed an excellent translation of Otto von Gierke's masterly treatise on the development of the theory of state in terms of natural law with particular reference to Johannes Althusius. This work, although a classic in the field of political science and of great importance to students of history, jurisprudence and politics, has never appeared in English. Professor Friedrich is willing to foster the publication of this translation, but under present conditions it seems that the publication must be conditional upon the receipt of a sufficient number of subscriptions to insure the cost. If subscriptions for 500 copies can be secured it will be possible to offer the book at $3, substantially less than the price of the German edition. Persons who are interested in making the publication of this important treatise possible, and wish to subscribe for a copy, are asked to address themselves to Professor Friedrich.

H. J. LASKI

Devon Lodge,

5 Addison Bridge Place, W.14.

Miscellany

LAWN TENNIS

"HE loves me, he doesn't," said the clergyman's daughter, tearing a flower to pieces.

"Tea's ready, Martha," called her mother through the bow window of the rectory, and Martha wandered back over the lawn to where tea-cups tinkled with a refreshing sound in the cool obscurity of the drawing-room.

"Is there no sign of Walter yet?" asked Martha.

"No," replied her mother, "I know he won't mind our beginning without him. Go and fetch your father, there's a dear."

"Mind your feet," said Martha, kicking her sister Mary's legs as she passed. "You are an old book-worm."

"So sorry," replied Mary, meekly withdrawing her long limbs from her sister's path.

"Why should I be the one always to be sent on errands," thought Martha, as she barged along the corridor. "Just because Mary is older than me she thinks she can lounge about doing nothing all day long, and mother simply panders to her idleness. Whereas I come in all hot and tired, and before I can sit down I have to run about on everybody's business. Blast! I won't put up with it any longer. Damn!"

"Tea's ready, Father," she called into the study.

"Very well, child," said the rector. "Have you had a good game?"

"No; Walter hasn't come yet. We weren't going to play till after tea," said Martha.

"Oh," said her father, and accompanied her along the corridor.

They all four settled themselves at the tea-table.

There was the ring of a bicycle bell upon the drive; and Walter arrived. He wore white flannel trousers and a shirt open at the neck. He carried a tennis racquet. Compliments were exchanged. The guest was installed in a chair, to be fed with bread and honey, and refreshed with tea.

"I have been reading Gibbon's Fifteenth Chapter," said the rector to Walter, as they walked afterwards under the vociferous elms of the rookery. "It is curious that so wise, so scholarly a brain should have allowed its own power of sarcasm so to mislead it."

"Yes," said Walter, with the intelligent interest that was expected of him.

He caught Mary's eye, and smiled quietly to her.

Martha bustled up with the tennis-balls and pushed her away.

"How shall we play?" she asked.

"Run away, child," replied her father, "and let us poor men have a minute to talk in peace, undisturbed by your feminine chatter."

"You are an old nuisance," said Martha, prodding her father playfully in the ribs with the handle of her racquet, but obedient none the less to his request.

Mary seemed very naturally from its terms to consider that it applied to her also, and departed with her sister to adjust the net of the lawn tennis court. But as she left she returned Walter's quiet smile.

" I intend," continued the rector, " to preach a sermon on the vanity of human reason. How excellent an example is Gibbon. Starting, I verily believe, with the best of intentions, honestly to trace the glorious growth of the Christian creed through the declining years of secular Rome, he allowed his ingenuity so to confound him, that he ended by casting a doubt upon the very faith which he had set out to extol."

" It will be most interesting, I'm sure," said Walter, politely. " Do let me know when you intend to deliver it."

Martha stood by while her sister Mary wound and measured and wound the net. She told herself that she was not like the Martha in the Bible, that she did not enjoy working, that she was a contemplative character, and that her sister Mary should have been called Martha instead.

" Now, James," called the rector's wife from the tennis court, " you mustn't monopolise our guest."

And so Walter escaped from between the Scylla of argument and the Charybdis of silence.

The rector walked away disappointed to his study. He felt that Walter held unorthodox views on religion ; his sermon was addressed in his imagination to the misguided youth of the country. His arguments were overwhelming, but before finally launching their fury upon the docile heads of his little country congregation he would have liked to try their effect upon a more critical audience.

" How shall we play ? " asked the rector's wife.

Walter was rolling up his sleeves. He welcomed the golden warmth of the sun upon his arms.

" I'm the worst," said Martha, who knew, however, that she was a better player than her sister Mary, but who hoped that her modesty might gain her the support of Walter as her partner.

Mary went meekly to measure the height of the net. It was quite unnecessary to do this again, but she disdained to enter into competition with her sister by stating her genuine claim to the assistance of the most powerful elbow. She stood her racquet upright upon the ground, and was marking its height with her finger, before placing it sideways across the top, when Walter, perceiving her difficulty, went to her assistance.

As he put his racquet sideways across the top of hers their heads came into gentle proximity.

Martha sent a tennis ball whizzing into the net at her sister's side. " Let's have a knock-up," she said.

They began to play. When Walter handed a tennis ball to his partner, Martha, during her service, he noticed with displeasure that her hand was hot and sticky.

The set was soon over. Mary served a number of double faults. Her mother played a judicious underhand game, but her skill was not enough to counter-balance the marked inferiority of her partner to both of her opponents.

They changed partners. Mary was like a tall, white lily, bowing beside him in the wind of the game, thought Walter. The twang of her racquet was like the music of lute strings. How gracefully she curved over the ball ; how delicately she directed its course into the net.

Martha was delighted at the success of herself and her mother. She felt that Walter could not fail to appreciate her skill. She could see him now and then glance in her direction. Was his eye merely following the flight of the ball, she wondered ? Or did it dwell upon her with admiration ? She was putting her whole heart into the game.

Walter did not notice the defeat of himself and Mary. He was longing to walk with her among the roses in the cool of the evening. He was delighted when the set came to an end.

He began to collect the tennis balls, as a hint that they should play no more. The rector's wife agreed that they had played enough.

Martha ran to Walter's side and walked round the court through the long grass with him, helping him to search.

Mary sat on a bank in the dappled shade, idly catching the speckles of sunlight in the palm of her hand.

Martha was happy. Here was Walter at her side. One, two, three ; with a quiet contentment she counted the balls. She began putting them into the cardboard box in a neat row. There was one more ball, she remembered, over the hedge. It would be pleasant to wander round with Walter to look for it. " There's still the one over the hedge," she said. " Do come and help me find it."

Walter was not listening. He was walking towards Mary. He was watching the golden sequins of the sun run through her slender fingers.

" Do come," called Martha over her shoulder. But Walter's back was turned.

Martha did not like to turn and abandon her quest. So she hastened her steps in order to bring it soon to an end. But the gap in the hedge was some distance beyond the end of the court. When she was through it she ran to where she expected to find the ball, and beat about with her racquet among the strawberry plants. Then she searched among the intricacies of the black-currant bushes and their protecting nets. She caught a button in one of these, and made such frenzied efforts to extricate herself that she entangled another. When she was free she stood still for a moment, frantic with rage, but determined to control herself. She decided to give up the search, and made for the gap. She would call for Walter's help, and turn her misfortune to account. She changed her mind, however. She would feel humiliated at her failure. If he came to her help it should be of his own accord. He must soon notice her absence. She turned back. Surely he must be coming. But where could the ball be ? She tried to search methodically. She could not make up her mind, though, whether it would not be better for her not to find it till Walter had arrived. Yet she continued to search up and down and to and fro. Would he never come ?

There it was, there it had been all the time, she told herself, right underneath the little box hedge. She picked it up and ran frantically back to the tennis court.

They were gone.

When Walter reached Mary he asked her to come for a walk. She consented and rose timidly to her feet.

" We are just going for a little walk," they called to the rector's wife, who was putting on her coat.

And so they set off between the garish hollyhocks and the serene lupins. They came to the roses and inhaled their fragrance in silence.

" Let me pick you one," said Walter. He chose a large, white bloom. The stem was smooth and cool to his fingers. Dexterously avoiding the cruelty of the thorns, he snapped it asunder.

" Thank you," said Mary, and raised it to her lips. " It's delicious."

" May I try it," said Walter, and buried his mouth passionately among the petals her lips had touched. He handed it back, and they glanced shyly for a moment at one another.

They walked on and sat down in a little nook by a pond, where the water-lilies grew in exotic profusion. A dragon-fly hovered in savage splendour before them. The sun glinted on the water.

They sat perfectly silent, each scarcely daring to breathe, each relieved as the seconds passed that the other did nothing to break the spell.

When Martha found the tennis court deserted she ran back to the house.

" Where's Walter ? " she asked, breathlessly.

" Oh, he's gone round the garden with Mary," said the rector's wife.

Martha rushed after them. Upon the gravel path she stumbled in her haste, and fell, tearing her stocking, and grazing her knees and the palms of her hands.

She lay still for a minute, inclined to kick the earth in her resentment at the intractable behaviour of the universe. She rose to her feet full of a controlled fury. She would be even with her sister yet.

Walter and Mary were sitting silently by the pond. She stalked aggressively up to them.

"Oh, I see, there's a petting party going on," she said, and turning upon her heel, stalked deliberately away.

A stone kicked by her feet fell ominously into the pool, and shattered its peaceful surface.

Martha staggered back along the path. As she went she picked a flower. "He loves me, he doesn't," her mind repeated mechanically. Savagely she tore the flower petal by petal to pieces.

BRYAN GUINNESS

SHELL-MEX AND THE PAINTERS

SHELL-MEX, LTD., is likely to do more for English art in a dozen years than the Royal Academy has done in a hundred. It may even go some way towards solving the problem which for years has been bothering the heads of those who profess to love both art and humanity, and long to bring the two together. Shell-Mex does not profess to love either: merely it has a good article to sell, and has decided that to advertise that article it is worth employing good artists. The discovery that the best contemporary art can be the best advertisement was not made by Shell-Mex, however. It was made some centuries ago by the Catholic Church; and a method of advertising which was good enough for the Church and is good enough for *Shell* is presumably as good a one as anybody is likely to devise.

An acquaintance of mine—this is a true story—who never goes into a picture-gallery if he can help it, was motoring on the London-Eastbourne road. At a narrow place he found himself in a procession. To his surprise he also found himself continually glancing at a poster on the back of a lorry just in front of him. Positively he was enjoying the hold-up. The poster was an advertisement of *Shell*: the motive a landscape near Alfriston: it was the work of one of the best painters alive, who, for some reason, is not represented in this exhibition. The consequences were that my acquaintance doubtless asked for *Shell* next time, and for the first time in his life enjoyed a work of art.

Shell-Mex is becoming one of the centres of what is, perhaps, the most interesting movement in contemporary British art—the formation of a school of applied artists. Some of the best English painters, while continuing to paint easel-pictures, are learning also to apply their talents to practical problems, as, after all, many Renaissance artists did. The movement began with the Omega Workshop some twenty years ago. Then came McKnight Kauffer—who, by the way, is numerously represented in this exhibition, but is not seen quite at his best—with his new style of poster-design. Kauffer's influence created a school; and how highly the products of that school are now rated abroad may be inferred from the fact that only a few months ago a French dealer asked me whether it would not be possible to organise a show of them in Paris. Although French posters in general are anything but despicable, while some of those issued by *Le Printemps* are delightful, this shrewd critic thought that, both artistically and technically, the French had something to learn from the English.

How the movement develops may be illustrated by the case of John Armstrong, who is fairly well represented here, by "Artists prefer Shell"—his other poster I found disappointing. John Armstrong, you would say, was as much like an artist and as little like a business man as anybody could be. That he was born with a talent is obvious, and not particularly surprising: the extraordinary thing is that, by the gentle pressure of circumstances, and the good will and good taste of the sort of people who direct Shell-Mex, he has been able to apply that talent to decorating restaurants, making posters, designing theatrical costumes, mounting sets for plays and "movies." Thus, a valuable artist has found a way at once of expressing himself and earning a living; while the vast public has been given a chance of seeing the work of an artist, instead of having to swallow the vulgar ineptitudes with which it is usually fed. Apparently the public rather likes it. And this is the nearest we have yet come in the modern world to popular art. If that marriage between art and humanity is ever to be consummated, it will be by means such as these, and not by academies and "arts and crafts," old-world pageants, semi-detached Tudor mansions, extension lectures and dancing round the maypole.

This is a most enjoyable and encouraging exhibition. There are, of course, a certain number of bad or feeble posters; but there are a few which are beautifully effective, and the majority are attractive. A hoarding-full of them in some conspicuous place would certainly give most amateurs of English painting, as well as the people in the street, a great and agreeable surprise. Space remains only to name with admiration Cathleen Mann, Eve Kirk, Rosmary and Clifford Ellis, Duncan Grant, Dobson, Clive Gardiner, Paul Nash, Hans Feibusch, H. du Plessis, Tristram Hillier, and to urge my readers to go to the New Burlington Galleries and judge for themselves.

CLIVE BELL

CINDERELLA AND BALLET

THE opera season is over for this year at Covent Garden and the Russian Ballet season has begun. All admirers of Diaghileff's Russian Ballet Company are happy that his remarkable work has not been lost but has been preserved by de Basil's company, which has been able to acquire most of the scenery and dresses, many of the dancers and much of the tradition of Diaghileff, together with such a fine choregrapher as Massine. Last year de Basil's company's season at the Alhambra revived many of the delightful memories of the old days of Diaghileff, and those of us who, like myself, were enthusiastic and insatiable frequenters of Diaghileff's ballets rejoiced to find that the public, recognising the merits of his inheritors, came in such numbers that what was intended for a short season of a few weeks was extended for months.

Now at Covent Garden we are to see some of the best of Diaghileff's productions, such, for example, as *La Boutique Fantasque*, revived, and the scarcity of any artistic work in the theatres of London to-day ought to ensure crowded houses at Covent Garden. Before saying anything about the first night's performance on Tuesday this week I must mention the production of Rossini's opera *La Cenerentola* (Cinderella), which closed the opera season on Thursday and Friday last week at Covent Garden.

This opera, which was first performed in 1817, has not been heard at Covent Garden for at least forty years. The cult of Wagner which devastated Germany, Holland, Switzerland and France for fifty years was at last over in Germany just before the Nazi revolution. Herr Adolf Hitler's untrained predilection for the music of Wagner has no doubt galvanised a little fictitious life into this musical corpse; but I cannot think this morbid reanimation is destined to last long. The spirit of young artists in Germany, as elsewhere, is absolutely opposed to it. Where the vogue for Wagner has once started to wane there will be no reviving it; his music, like the poetry of Swinburne (which it resembles not a little!) will remain in the museum of art, catalogued as a freak product like an antimacassar in an exhibition of nineteenth century furniture. In my opinion the case of Rossini—much as I prefer his music to Wagner's—is not very much better, and *La Cenerentola* is a good reminder of the fact. Nobody—not even Mr. Francis Toye in his recent book on Rossini—has fully explained why the brilliantly successful composer of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Cenerentola* and a dozen other youthful operas almost ceased to compose for the greater part of a long life. It may be ascribed partly to bad health, partly to recognition of his own limitations (Beethoven told Rossini to stick to opera buffa and to compose more "Barbers"!) and partly to the failure of his most ambitious work, *William Tell*. I have only once heard *William Tell*, and that was years ago in Rome, but it made a strong impression on me and I would like to see it revived at Covent Garden. Wagner with his usual effrontery told Rossini that he had anticipated some of Wagner's own ideas in

William Tell, but the only comment one can make on that remark is that, if so, Wagner's ideas sound better when Rossini expresses them.

In *La Cenerentola* we have neither the Rossini of *Il Barbiere* nor of *William Tell*, but a much more conventional operatic composer. The music is extremely thin, there is hardly anything to listen to in the orchestra, and this is in striking contrast to Mozart's operas. It is so long since we have listened attentively to the operas of Mozart's Italian contemporaries and successors, to Cimarosa and to the early Rossini, for example, that we are apt to forget how astoundingly different Mozart is. Listening to *La Cenerentola* one understands immediately why Mozart's contemporaries complained that he wrote too many notes and that he put the statue in the orchestra which should only be the pedestal. And they were right! The public which goes to opera is to-day, as it has always been, only partly musical. Only a minority of the audiences at Covent Garden or at Glyndebourne hears anything in detail at all; most of them only *see* the spectacle and, at best, are conscious of an agreeable noise such as soothes them in a restaurant while eating.

But a musical mind in which the natural power of aural attention has been developed by concentrated listening to the best masters will notice at once the qualities which distinguish Mozart from Rossini. The earlier master is incomparably the richer in the texture of his musical thought. One may almost describe the orchestral part of *La Cenerentola* as an accompaniment to the vocal part. It would be impossible to say this of *Cosi Fan Tutte*, where the music, vocal and instrumental, is completely homogeneous. The chief virtue of the music of *La Cenerentola* is its vivacity and occasional gaiety. Some of the ensembles are delightful, but the solo music is for the most part astonishingly inexpressive and dry. The slightly plaintive air given to Cinderella in the first act is one of the few exceptions; but one can quite understand Berlioz's fulminations against Rossini if one considers such works as *La Cenerentola*, because the music completely lacks feeling, and when it is not amusing is mechanical and dry. We also get too much of the device which caused Berton of the Paris Conservatoire to nickname Rossini "Monsieur Crescendo." Nevertheless, even in this work Rossini uses his tricks with such a gay, impudent and reckless air that he succeeds where another would fail.

The production was one of the best we have had at Covent Garden this season in some respects. Conchita Supervia showed that she was an artist and not merely a prima donna in her intelligent and charming performance as Cinderella, in which the ease and flexibility of her singing were a pleasure to hear. Dino Borgioli, in spite of the indisposition which caused the postponement of the first performance, proved to be an excellent tenor and his singing had both charm and refinement. Dandini (Emilio Ghirardini) and Don Magnifico (Ezio Pinza) were both well cast, and if the sisters of Cinderella had been as good as the men the cast as a whole would have been of unusual excellence. The conductor, Gino Marinuzzi, was another good feature.

But now I must say a word about the setting of Gabriel Volkoff and the ballet in the last act devised by Ninette de Valois. I thought both were extremely poor, and I can only hope that the season of the *Ballets Russes* which began on Tuesday night with *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Le Tricorne* (The Three-Cornered Hat) and *Les Présages* will open the eyes of a number of people. The costumes and scenery designed for Diaghileff by such famous French artists as Derain, Braque and Picasso ought to have caused a revolution in theatrical décor. What a relief it was, after seeing Mr. Volkoff's scene for the last Act of *La Cenerentola* to see Picasso's costumes and setting for *The Three-Cornered Hat!* It is all the difference between an "accompaniment" and an integral piece of creative invention. The Cinderella costumes and setting did not make one piece of visual design but were simply stuck on the stage together. There was not even the appropriateness which Rossini achieves between his vocal and instrumental masses, for he at least subordinates the latter to show up the former, whereas in Mr. Volkoff's set the dresses and the ballet were rendered almost nugatory by the surrounding unattractive blue and yellow *décor*.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Promising Beginner

It will be a great pity if certain obvious faults of a novice—changes of key, a tendency to drag some scenes and an ugly and unconvincing ending—should blind the public, as it has blinded several critics, to the merits of Miss Margery Sharp's first play, *Meeting at Night*. For its merits are more important than its faults. It is moving and it has an idea—a rare thing in too many successful plays. Its problem touches modern life and, to some degree, everyone who ever "gets into the news." It is the problem of the pressure which modern sensational journalism puts on its exploitees. This ugly, nerve-racking thing is admirably exposed by Mr. Roger Livesey as Harold Parker, an air-mechanic whom circumstances and the press have forced to become and to continue as a record-breaking flyer, and by Miss Leonora Corbett as Delia Crowborough, a society beauty who became engaged to him because no more sensational match had materialised. The scene in which these two at last show the truth of this strain and their fears, to themselves and each other, and find peace and happiness in honesty and love was very moving. Mr. Livesey's picture of a man by nature and not by birth a gentleman was admirable, and Miss Corbett's acting in the difficult scene when she expresses her happiness in gaiety on an empty stage was better than anything she has yet done. Miss Helen Haye and Dame May Whitty were perfect as a shrewd and honest and a stupid and self-deceived woman. It is a pity to waste Mr. George Curzon's great talents on a minor part, but his one scene of feeling was beautifully played.

O.U.D.S. "Richard the Third"

This play is not the best thing (as the Temperance Vicar said of the Miracle at Cana) we have from its author, and the O.U.D.S., produced, for the first time in their history, by a woman, Miss Leontine Sagan, were not altogether happy in their handling of it. There is, admittedly, but one unity: the character of Richard, and Mr. Glenville (the President) over-dramatised this part, and by his burlesquing of it robbed it of that pitifulness which is essential to real tragedy. He showed the king to be incarnate wickedness, but allowed him no growth, no movement, giving him a god-like nature, whose tideless passions were monotonous. Such identification of the villain with the vice made of the play a mediaeval morality, complete with its almost comical devil, instead of the quasi-Tolstoyan fable, illustrative of the power to evil of one man on the good, and the not so good, the bad, and not so bad, mediocrities surrounding him, that it seems when read. The splendid cursings of Miss Price as Margaret, Miss Nesbitt's terrified Elizabeth, and Miss Sagan's complex yet dignified Lady Anne were ineffective foils to Richard's satanic humouresque, and the general amateurishness of acting and speaking was hardly relieved by the really excellent performances of Clarence and Buckingham (Richard Heppel and David King-Wood).

Shakespeare in Regent's Park

Midsummer Night's Dream on Tuesday at the Open Air Theatre was an overwhelming success. Mendelssohn's music, Shakespeare's poetry and fun, Nini Theilade's dancing, Puck, Titania, the fairies, the lovers—the delicious hotch-potch lacked a dull ingredient. The company of Peter Quince was noticeably better than last year; each quaint blunder scored because the acting was so natural. If one must choose favourites, Michael Martin Harvey, as the lion, smiled as in future every pantomime lion must hope to smile, and Leslie French's Puck was even better than his Ariel, which is saying a good deal. Except for Peaseblossom and Mustard-Seed, the dresses of Titania's fairies (unlike Oberon's) have a mild taint of Kensington, but their behaviour is as remote from the prosaic as Stratford is far from the Albert Hall. After hearing Phyllis Neilson-Terry's exquisite singing as Oberon it is churlish to regret last year's fine interpretation by Mr. Jack Hawkins, who took part for a time, but Phyllis Neilson-Terry's singing and acting, however lovely, expressed not fairy, but woman.

"The Tempest"

Mr. Nevill Coghill is achieving in Oxford a reputation as a producer of bold imaginative power. His production of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* was eloquent proof of the dramatic qualities of the play, performance of which its author deprecated. *Everyman*, performed in the Fellows' Garden of Exeter College last month, impressed into the service of beauty the grey walls of the Divinity Schools, the trees, and even the new moon itself. When *The Tempest* was performed last week beside Worcester's lake, it seemed that his talent for discovering natural open air theatres in Oxford had again "steaded him much." There was ample space for Prospero's perambulations, and the players could wander off into tunnels of overhanging trees. The masque element in the play was emphasised in the beauty of the final "curtain" as the performers embarked in a barge and put off to Italy across the lake! It was a relief, too, to find Ariel no hermaphrodite, but unequivocably a male. But the acting never rose to its scenic opportunities. The loveliness of Shakespeare's blank verse quite eluded these undergraduate actors, and it was unfortunate casting to have a Miranda who had only to open her mouth to "bass the trespass" of her sex.

Mercury Ballet

The Marie Rambert Ballet Club at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill, has added a new ballet to its repertory for the current season. This is a choregraphy to a "Mephisto" Waltz by Liszt, and is devised by Frederick Ashton, who himself dances the role of "Mephisto." The *décor* is pleasing in its cloak and mask character. Alice Markova and Walter Gore (Faust) make an agreeable pair of victims to Frederick Ashton's Mephistopheles, and the climax follows the development of the music effectively. It is a useful addition to the "Mercury" repertory without having the allure of the recent Manet Folies Bergères ballet, which remains unrivalled among the new Mercury ballets and shows Markova's personality and gifts to the best possible advantage.

The Bali Islands

Black Magic (at the Polytechnic) contains much charming photography of the scenery and the population of the Bali Islands. The actual texture of the rice fields provided some shots as charming as any I have seen in a film of this kind. The lives of the villagers were approached in a spirit of reverence which one cannot commend too highly. But the actual drama dealing with the troubles brought to these people by a witch somehow lacked tenseness. Perhaps it would have been better to have no plot at all and make the whole film out of the life of the islanders, avoiding any comment, philosophical, moral or romantic. Certainly when the islanders were going about their daily business, the film never failed in interest. *Black Magic* is advertised as for "A" audiences, which means that the girls are undressed from the waist up. Why in the film world are only children considered likely to be demoralised by the spectacle of female breasts?

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 22nd—
Cricket, England *v.* Australia (2nd Test Match), Lord's.
National Peace Congress, Birmingham. Speakers include Viscount Cecil, Lord Ponsonby, and Miss Vera Brittain. Till June 25th.
"Cleo Calling," Aldwych Theatre.

SATURDAY, June 23rd—
Dances and Mimes of All Ages, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 24th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "A Revolutionary Middle Class," Conway Hall, 11.
"Colonel Wotherspoon," Arts Theatre.
"The Key," Ambassador's Theatre.

MONDAY, June 25th—
Golf, Open Championship, Sandwich.
Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.
"Birds of Passage," High House, Barn Theatre, Shere, 8.

TUESDAY, June 26th—
Adila Fachiri, Kathleen Long, and René Le Roy, Chamber Concert, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
"Richard III," Regent's Park.

THURSDAY, June 28th—
"King Lear," Cranleigh School, 7.40. Also on June 29th at 7.40, and June 30th at 2.30 and 7.40.
"Men in White," Lyric Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Thatched Roof, by Beverley Nichols (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*) suffers from the odium of being a best-seller, and the rude remarks of critics and other writers have no doubt to be discounted to a certain extent. The publishers prefer not to disclose how many copies have been sold—but I believe it is about 80,000 which would indicate something approaching a quarter of a million readers. What can explain such a success? Largely, I believe, because the author abases himself before the reader with propitiatory babyish gestures, e.g., he explains his inability to touch dead animals, or live toads, and his hatred of spiders. He portrays himself as a fairy guide to a world "dripping with poetry" and as unreal as Arthur Rackham's picture books. The reader feels safe: the author may be impish or naughty, but there will be no direct contact with art, life, or thought. The point of Mr. Beverley Nichols's earlier books was that he showed himself as a brilliant, hard-boiled, knowing young man and the books themselves (*Twenty-five*, *Are they the Same at Home?* etcetera) had the blatant vulgarity of the Sunday paper gossiper. (His anti-war propaganda in *Cry Havoc* has, of course, my deepest sympathy.) *A Thatched Roof* is different. Everything is written in the babyish note of "let's pretend." The style and indeed the matter is that of writers for tiny tots, an aping of childish innocence.

> I would go out and get some bees at once. I glanced at the calendar. It said: May 26. And then, it whispered, H.M. The Queen's Birthday. I wished Her Majesty many happy returns and made a note to send her some honey next year. . . . On the day that Mr. Penthrift brought them the calendar marked June 23rd. And then it added, in the inevitable *sotto voce*—H.R.H. The Prince of Wales's Birthday. I was so delighted that as I ran out to greet Mr. Penthrift, . . . I vowed to send His Royal Highness two honeycombs next year (Queen Mary it may be remembered was only going to get one).

Note that nothing here is genuine. It is "amusing" to pretend to be delighted by the Prince of Wales's birthday, to pretend that calendars whisper, and that you run out like a child to greet the old skeppist who has brought the swarm of bees.

The author is not even genuinely sentimental, which distinguishes him from such writers as Gene Stratton Porter, author of *Freckles*, *The Girl of the Limberlost*, etc., and all the straight-forward best-sellers who usually have some primitive literary merit exceedingly well developed. Mr. Beverley Nichols quotes Oscar Wilde's saying: "Nothing looks so like innocence as an indiscretion," an observation that he frequently turns to practical account. His indiscretions, which were the spice of his earlier books, are no longer knowing or cynical; they seem to fall from the lips not of a street urchin or an *enfant terrible*, but of an angelic child. The Huntingdonshire cottage is not a real cottage but a doll's house, and the author a pretty child who plays at living in it. And grown-up people are so profoundly stirred by the beauty of the unself-conscious child that they readily fall victims to the spurious charm. Those who dislike it as much as I do will seize on *Mon Repos* by Nicholas Bevel (Lane, 6*s.*) with delight for it is as close and merciless a skit as can be imagined.

* * *

Here are two versions of the same incident:

> My experiment was due to a sudden aching realisation that though the flowers had been induced to walk, as it were, into the house and the leaves too, and the vine, the *wood* had shown no signs of coming in. And I did so bitterly want an indoor wood. For weeks I toyed with the idea of a model Japanese garden. . . . No, I wanted something simpler. A *real* wood, indoors, with the tang of wet earth about it, and a sense of blowing branches. . . . It sounds an impossible ideal, when you remember that all these emotions had to be concentrated in a couple of square feet of pottery, which could be placed on a side table. Yet . . . it succeeded. The secret was beech-nuts. . . . I put them in a dark cupboard. And waited. And waited. And waited. November came with a canter of wild winds. December was silent. . . . January. . . . Birds sang. . . . The snowdrops laughed all day long. Someone had told them that life was difficult, whereas they found it bland, easy and delightful. . . . April came. I opened the door of the cupboard. Twelve little beech trees stood up and bowed. You must forgive the dramatic licence. All twelve of them. With leaves so tiny that it hurt. Of a green that baffles description.

With which passage we may compare the following:

> I did so yearn for a desert effect. For days I dreamed of sand. . . . Then of a camel. . . . No—I wanted something more peaceful. A *real* desert indoors, with a hint of a mosque. . . . It was a conundrum. Yet. . . . I solved it. The secret was orange pips. . . . I put them in a bowl filled with purest silver sand. . . . And gloated. And gloated. And gloated. September came . . . October ditto. November was foggy, December mild. In January there was a miracle: birds sang! There were snowdrops giggling everywhere. . . . April stole in. I opened the Bible box. . . . Twelve little orange-trees curtseyed to me. You must forgive the comic lie. . . . All twelve of them. . . . With leaves so sickly that they hurt. Of a yellow that baffled analysis.

It is clear from a comparison that the second is not really a parody at all but simply a clever imitation. It is impossible to heighten the falsity of the original; however brilliant the parodist, he cannot achieve anything more absurd than "I did so bitterly want an indoor wood. . . . A real wood, indoors, with the tang of wet earth about it." Thus, a large part of *Mon Repos* is only a paraphrase which often omits the sicklier passages—such as that about the snowdrop's view of life. As a parody *Mon Repos* is thus inferior to Hemingway's *The Torrents of Spring* which was a parody of the silly ideas underlying Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*. Mr. Bevel is handicapped because his original offers no ideas for him to parody. *A Thatched Roof* at first sight appears the perfect subject for a skit—the opposite is the case. It is too empty. This is not to say that Nicholas Bevel does not continually hit off exactly the right note. He is most successful when he is not exactly copying his original:

> Don't forget the sempervivums, especially the cobwebby kind that annoys woodlice. I can't bear woodlice, can you? They remind me of Books about the War and the terrible sufferings of our men.

or

> I love windows, don't you? They give one such a sense of light.

And occasionally he can be pretty savage:

> Moths are the Souls of the Lost, seeking the light in darkness and scorching their petulant wings . . . envying the butterflies that dance in the sunshine and are the Saved. How strange and bewildering it is that both begin as caterpillars. . . . I had reached an analogy between a butterfly and Psyche when the carpenter returned.

or

> My boy-friends adore my wee home, but girls are more *difficile*. I am not really fond of girls . . . but hide this because they sometimes buy my books. Not to read but for me to sign. . . . Or again, they peer at my swimming pool and gurgle. . . . I explain to them patiently that my pool is not really for exercise but for reflection. Then they point their crimson nails at me and wink. "O, naughty Narcissus!"

* * *

There is one passage in the original which is not parodied.

> I did not mind what they said about the stove because I had every intention of getting rid of it. I did not mind at all when a slim girl with lips like wet poppies and hands that always seemed to be curved round the stem of a sherry-glass leant against the wall and said "Darling, *how* frightful! We must pull it right out, and throw it into the very deepest ditch, don't you think? And make *endless* ingle-nooks, don't you think? And tell the *most* monstrous stories to each other on winter nights?" I really didn't mind, because it *was* frightful . . . and I had a sneaking feeling about ingle-nooks myself. I would like to sit in an ingle-nook all alone, and frown rather heavily and ask myself what an "ingle" was, and why it always lived in a nook, and if it had fun in its nook, and if it felt embarrassed, and slightly peculiar, when it left its nook. I would draw mental pictures of "An Ingle without its Nook." And very pleasing these pictures would be, when the nights were cold, and there was the hunger of unappeased love in a man's heart. But gradually I began to get a little bored with the girls with mouths like wet poppies.

Reference to the O.E.D. would have rendered Mr. Beverley Nichols's speculations about the nature of ingles unnecessary. He would have seen that the word is given as: *Ingle*—a boy-favourite (in bad sense) and he would have been referred to Middleton's phrase "Jove's own ingle, Ganymede."

DAVID GARNETT

A REVALUATION OF PROUST

Comment Marcel Proust a Composé son Roman. PAR ALBERT FEUILLERAT. *Yale University Press : Oxford University Press.* 11s. 6d.

A critic's functions, always the subject of disagreement, have of recent years been so bitterly and contemptuously debated as almost to become a stale and unprofitable matter for contemplation. Yet criticism remains of value, and every now and then an opportunity occurs for some intelligent and sensitive critic, aided by scholarship and the discovery of facts, to make such a difference in one's estimate of a work of genius that that work must forever afterwards remain a slightly altered thing.

The death of Marcel Proust occurred in November, 1922. In the eleven and a half years which intervene between that time and now Proust's work has undergone as wide and as searching a discussion as any writer can hope to receive immediately after death. Yet, suddenly, on reading M. Feuillerat's new book, it becomes evident that a great deal of this discussion has been valueless, not because of any lack of intelligence or sensibility on the part of critics when faced with the only material they had on which to base their judgment, but purely and simply because they did not know enough.

Let us examine the facts in question. The first draft of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* was begun somewhere in 1905 and finished in 1912. It was in October, 1912, at any rate, that Proust began his search for a publisher. According to the author's calculations the work was then of a length to fill three volumes of something over five hundred pages each. *Du Côté du Chez Swann* was published by Bernard Grasset in November 1913, and the war broke out while Proust was correcting the proofs for the second volume. From the *Table des Matières*, printed on the verso of the half-title of the first edition of *Du Côté du Chez Swann*, we know that the second volume was to have been called *Le Côté de Guermantes*, and the third, *Le Temps Retrouvé*. The contents of this third volume are interesting and are as follows :

> A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs—La Princesse de Guermantes—M. de Charlus et les Verdurin—Mort de Ma Grand'mére—Les Intermittences du Cœur—Les " Vices et les Vertus " de Padoue et de Combray—Mme. de Cambremer—Mariage de Robert de Saint-Loup—L'Adoration Perpetuelle.

In other words, this last volume was to contain the embryo of what we now can only read in the ten thick volumes which make up the last part of the authorised edition.

So much is, or should be, common knowledge, but M. Feuillerat has acquired a great deal more. In the first place, after several re-readings, it became obvious to him, not only what was clear to everyone, that almost every incident in the later volumes was filled out and magnified a hundredfold in the course of the revision which Proust had time to carry out during the years of the war, but also that two quite different states of mind could be perceived at work, the one which represented the book as it would have been if the war had not come to stop its publication, and the other, the maturer Proust whose philosophy and style, and often sense of character, were undergoing a continual change.

At this point a slice of luck appears. It occurred to M. Feuillerat that if he could only procure the galley proofs of the original second volume, he would have something solid to work upon in support of his various theories. He knew that these proofs had actually been pulled, since Proust referred to them on several occasions in his letters, but neither Grasset, nor the Nouvelle Revue Française, had them in their possession, nor was there any sign of them, or of the original drafts, among Proust's papers. However, M. Feuillerat had luck, and the possessor of these proofs, when found, was generous.

From this point all is plain sailing for the skilful pilot. M. Feuillerat examines these original galley proofs with the very greatest care ; he notes exactly where their contents appear in the work as we know it, and what proportion they bear to that work as a whole ; and then, through page after page of really brilliant, though sober analysis, he proceeds to show the differences of intention, as well as of fact, which exist between the original version and the work into which that version grew in the course of its revision. Adventuring still further, in the second part of his book, M. Feuillerat sets out with the knowledge gained by this experience, and also with every possible extraneous aid from letters, from references to events which occurred after 1913, from *Tables des Matiéres* and so forth, and, only in the last resort, from intuition, to reconstruct what of the remaining ten volumes he conceives to have been contained in that original third volume which Proust had intended to publish before the war.

The results of this examination are fascinating, whether applied to the growth of different characters, to Proust's own conception of his novel or to the different styles in which that book was written —sometimes perhaps more fascinating than palatable to the earnest Proustian. In the first place, there are far more irreconcilable contradictions in the work than anyone has apparently up to now imagined. Again, it is disconcerting to discover how all the later additions tend to make the pleasanter characters in the book—Françoise, Gilberte, Saint-Loup, Bergotte, Mme. de Villeparisis, the Duc de Guermantes—step by step a little nastier. But the most important discovery is the radical change which took place in the course of years in Proust's own attitude to his book. Proust's aim, as he saw it in the beginning, was to reproduce the past, by dipping into the unconscious without comment from the intelligence. He himself refers to the form of his book as *Une Suite de Romans de l'Inconscient*. For him at that date the intelligence was the falsifier. But this state of mind did not remain unchanged. At first, without being aware of it, and towards the end quite consciously, he puts in addition after addition from the pure intelligence. He no longer " feels " but " knows," and this affects his style, so that towards the end one almost loses that sense of reverie in reading him, which was one of the strongest of one's emotions when reading *Swann*, and in its place one finds oneself revelling in the acuteness of his comments upon life, and prizing him for what he once considered faults.

The book is a disintegrating book. After reading it one realises, with a distinctness which makes one's hazy and uneasy feelings of the past seem almost non-existent, that, although it is possible that if Proust had only lived a little longer he might ultimately have worked up his original, and his enormous additions to that original, into a satisfactory whole, the work as it stands to-day is often contradictory and unjoined. Its plan has been altered more than once, and more than one plan is still left standing in the printed pages. But though disintegrating, M. Feuillerat's book is not destructive. After reading it one's interest in Proust is greater than it was before. One's values have shifted, it is true, if one's appreciation of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* as a work of art must undergo some change, one's delight in it as the expression of extraordinary intelligence—an intelligence which we now can see at work—not only remains but is sensibly increased.

RALPH WRIGHT

GOOD SOCIETY

A Backward Glance. By EDITH WHARTON. *Appleton.* 10s. 6d.

Goethe made a rather bitter epigram on Good Society : it is " good," he said, if it offers no opportunity whatever to poetry. Mrs. Wharton applies this epigram without bitterness ; she would certainly prefer poetry to society, and a performance of *Bérénice* to a polo match, but she is not emphatic, and more inclined to chaff her worldlings than to excommunicate them. For this reason her career (or such of it as she has chosen to describe) has few moments of high tension ; the dominant impression is comfort —comfort honestly enjoyed and generously shared, but extending uninterruptedly from a New York childhood through Continental trips down to a residence in France. The author of *The House of Mirth* and *The Reef* was well connected and well educated, she always had enough money and was often rich ; cars, shaven lawns, servants are in unostentatious attendance, important officials helping when they can, editors accessible, salons open. Because of her intelligence and self-control, this constant prosperity does not spoil her work, but it does make for autobiographical monotony. The change which has signified so much to her, personally—the change from fashionable circles where literature is ignored to ample retreats where it can be practised—cannot be presented dramatically on the great stage of this world, where extremes contend, and a post-war generation will feel a certain tameness in the road she has trodden, and in the " interesting " people who have hedged it on each side. They might contrast it with the path taken by Gauguin. Gauguin also felt that society offered no chance to poetry, so he went off at a tangent, gave up comfort, helped no one, died in filth.

Mrs. Wharton belongs to a tradition which is ending. She realises this, and surveys without asperity the succeeding chaos. It is essentially an American tradition, though not one which has been able to flourish in America. Rooted in Puritanism and

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financial stability, it has put forth in Europe the flowers of a conscientious and distinguished art—an art which could not bloom until it had been transplanted. Paris, London, and Rome were the chief conservatories, Henry James the outstanding exhibitor; Proust looks in through the window panes, Joyce and D. H. Lawrence do not.

The atmosphere, though artificial, is not exotic. And the art, though cosmopolitan, is never international. It is connected with great cities and with the country houses dependent on them, and takes no stock of a new social order.

Though Mrs. Wharton is an excellent gossip and well-informed *diseuse* she is at her best when she talks about this beloved art. The chapters on her own work and on Henry James', and the references to that neglected novelist Howard Sturgis, are all illuminating. She tells us, for instance, that her characters come into her mind with their names attached, that she is still seeking a fictional home for a lady called Laura Testvalley. If Mrs. Testvalley gets as well suited as was another homeless character, the Princess Estradina, who finally arrived into the Custom of the Country, she will not have waited in vain. But, as her creator realises, she may take some suiting. All this discussion about books and the ways they are created and worked up is stimulating for readers as well as writers. And Henry James! She knew James well and was devoted to him, and her patience with his fussifications and affectations will strike the outsider as miraculous. But she is detached enough when she comes to his work, for the reason that she is serious about literature. She passes some very shrewd remarks about his later novels and she sees that his very conscientiousness as an artist led him to be a narrow critic, because he required all writers to be conscientious in exactly the same way.

She was also a friend of Howard Sturgis, her account of whom made me take down *Belchamber* again. *Belchamber* was published in 1907, by Constable (can it still be in print?), and it seems to me now, as it did then, brilliant, amusing, unsparing, poised, full of incidents and characters, indeed, well on the way to a masterpiece. The public ignored it, Henry James deplored it because it did not conform to his rules, and for the latter, rather than for the former, reason Howard Sturgis abandoned literature for embroidery. Perhaps he was before his time. The public was not yet ready for that wide yet careful canvas of aristocratic life. But now that Henry James is coming into his own again, and young men in their twenties are reading and admiring him, Sturgis may have his revival also. If he does, Mrs. Wharton will have promoted it by her amusing and sympathetic tribute. He wrote two other novels—*Tim*, and *All That Was Possible*. But, as she says, his triumph is *Belchamber*.

How much did the war destroy? It destroyed "good society" though the butler still brings the tea out under the cedar on occasion. Did it damage poetry too? And will writers ever recover that peculiar blend of security and alertness which characterises Mrs. Wharton and her tradition, and which has served her art so well? E. M. FORSTER

THE SUPERQUACK

Cheapjack. By PHILLIP ALLINGHAM. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Cheapjack is dedicated, affectionately dedicated, to "My clients." It might very well have been dedicated to those who believe in the honesty, integrity, sportsmanship, general moral calibre and gumption of the English people; or equally well to those who believe that superstition and quackery are dead; or equally well to those who are accustomed to think of English life as something highly respectable, dull and prosaic, without the picaresque and romantic qualities we are told it possessed in other days. There would, of course, have been some irony in these dedications. For *Cheapjack* contains what must surely be the best rogues' gallery since *Oliver Twist;* a collection of prize gullible fools, English fools, that it would be hard to rival in fiction; and finally almost as much of picaresque and romantic life as could be found in a novel of Defoe. It ought to have been called *The Autobiography of a Super Quack*, for *Cheapjack* is a little misleading, and the book is also a very close companion to W. H. Davies' *Super Tramp*.

After his education at Oxford had come to an abrupt end, not through any misdemeanour, but simply because the Provost "pointed out to my father quietly but firmly that my chances, etc.," Mr. Allingham resolved to try to earn his living as a fortune-teller on the still numerous fair grounds of this country. He was out of a job, and though he was not psychic, he had a knack of making pleasing deductions about the future lives of his friends. So he bought a tent, some Birmingham-Arabic trinkets from Woolworths, some incense, a top-hat, and set off for Southall fair. I am not sure which was the more cunning: the incense or the top-hat. Together, at any rate, they were devastating. Religion and the Nobility! "Your Prince," Mr. Allingham had printed up over his tent, "has had his hand read. Why not You?" The desire to emulate Princes was, as always, terrific. And it was not long before Mr. Allingham was earning from five to thirty pounds a week merely by telling young girls, old women, iron-fisted Welsh farmers, policemen, and countless other folk that the dark-haired or the fair-haired were going to leave them money or play old Harry with their future lives. He must have been astonished at the number of gullible fools in his native country. "I estimate," he says, "that two thousand pounds are spent on fortune-telling at Hull Fair alone." When, later, he decided he would like a change from fortune-telling he was already familiar enough with the diversity of the "grafter's" craft to know that there were a hundred and one games he could play on that same gullible public with equal success. He chose hair-curlers; they were fairly honest and extremely profitable. Of the hundred and one other "larks," equally profitable and not quite so honest, he might have chosen to be a crocus, a windbag-worker, to work the stinker or the spread; the first is a quack-herbalist, the second one of those gentlemen who places a pound note in an envelope, etc.; the stinker is a fortune-telling device, and the spread is the herb-cure again. Mr. Allingham explains them all and exposes them all. There isn't a single one of them by which the grafter doesn't get the buyer (alas! you and me) on toast. And when I next wander about a fair-ground or a market-place and listen to the conglomeration of seductive shouts I shall remember London Joe and Cross-Eyed Charlie, and Mad Jack, and Peter the Whistler, and the rest of the grafters in this book—including Mr. Allingham himself.

In short, the book is a plain warning to fools. How much of it is true I don't know. It is written with extreme persuasiveness, flexibility and charm—in fact in that very same frank and seductive manner of which the grafter is a master, and with which I imagine Mr. Allingham must tell his clients' fortunes. As truth, therefore, I hesitate to recommend it. As entertainment, however, it is first-class. There is, of course, a snag somewhere. And on reflection I can't help concluding that it is that only one person, as usual, is going to make his fortune—and that's not you nor I.

H. E. BATES

MR. POUND'S EXHIBITS

The ABC of Reading. By EZRA POUND. *Routledge.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

This book is intended as a simpler "How to Read": it should, says the author, "be impersonal enough to serve as a text-book." It is almost entirely about poetry, but includes a few remarks on the novel, and some "composition exercises"—"Let the pupil write the description of a tree"—"Describe the light and shadow on the schoolroom clock"—and so on. We are supplied with a list of "the minimum that a man would have to read if he hoped to know what a given new book was worth"—consisting, of course, largely of Provençal poets. It may be depressing to think of learning Provençal, but there is balm in Gilead, you can neglect German. "During seven centuries a lot of subject-matter of no great present interest has been stuffed into German verse that is not very skilful. I can see no reason why a foreign writer should study it." (He never can remember that he is not teaching us to *write*.) Among the very few books in English that you *must* read are Gavin Douglas's *Aeneid* and *Golding's Metamorphoses*, "the most beautiful book in the language." *Sordello* is recommended for its "extraordinary limpidity of narration." Don't think too much of Shakespeare, "English opinion has been bamboozled for centuries by a love of the stage."

"The harsh treatment here accorded a number of meritorious writers is not aimless"—it is part of an attempt, by singling out the very best, to dispel the "pernicious current idea" that good books are dull. To those infected with the notion he presents *Sordello*.

Section Two is devoted to "exhibits"—poetic extracts with commentary. Students are urged not to look at the footnotes "until they have at least tried to find out WHAT THE EXHIBIT IS, and to guess why I have printed it. For any reader of sufficient intelligence this should be as good a game as Torquemada's crossword abominations. I don't expect it to become ever as

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popular, but in an ideal REPUBLIC it would." The poet most exhibited is Gavin Douglas. Mr. Pound, though on his own showing a "microscopic" reader, has done one or two queer things with poor Gavin's not very difficult language—to the malicious I recommend the second extract on page 105.

We may ask why Mr. Pound should be our teacher, and the answer is: Because he is (*a*) an "expert," (*b*) a poet. "If you wanted to know something about an automobile, would you go to a man who had made one and driven it, or to a man who had merely heard about it? And of two men who made automobiles, would you go to one who had made a good one, or one who had made a botch?" Well, in the first place, the analogy between poems and motor cars is false, obviously. One's judgment of a car depends on facts, but poetry offers no facts in that sense—no demonstrable facts—only opinions. If you can judge that Mr. Pound is a good poet, you are (from his point of view) a critic already, and he needn't teach you; if you can't judge, why should you have confidence in him? But even if you accept the analogy, his position is not much improved—for he simply overlooks the distinction between making and driving a motor car. His argument is that no one can drive, or teach you to drive, until he has designed an engine, and that it is impossible to design engines badly and drive well, and *vice versa*.

Possibly, then, one has a right to reject his way of reading. This is how he sums up Shakespeare:

> SHAKESPEARE (Jacques Pere, spelling it Shaxpear, because J is either pronounced hard or confused with I) making sixteenth-century plays out of 15-century Italian news. The Italian stage had given the commedia dell-arte, and Italian oratory, law court stuff, the example of ornate speeches. Shakespeare already looking back to Europe from the outside.

Well, is it a very sound, interesting or valuable result of reading? Is it worth the trouble?

Is it the chief end of reading to range poets numerically—best English poet but six, and so on? Is it true that all poets can be placed in categories, and that if you read the best in each category—the prize-winner—you have read them all, or at least needn't "bother" about the rest? What is there in Shakespeare that is not in Chaucer? asks Mr. Pound, with—for a critic—almost incredible naivete.

Is it true that the "microscopic" study of a poem must shed more light on it? Is there not (as in Mr. Collins's appreciation of nature) "a minuteness that leaves beauty entirely behind"? For "microscopic" study, perhaps any work of art is good enough.

"In the main," Mr. Pound says, "I don't see that teaching can do much more than expose counterfeit work, thus gradually leading the student to the valid. . . . The natural destructivity of the young can function to advantage: excitement of the chase, the fun of detection could under favourable circumstances enliven the study." If the system were *merely* topsy-turvy one might swallow it, but—try to deprive children of their natural wholesome omnivorousness, teach them to look on reading first and foremost as a chance for "cleverness," an opportunity for showing off, make them at first self-conscious and then, probably, snobbish and pharisaical in their approach to books.

Yet one feels kindly disposed to Mr. Pound, somehow: there is something fresh, naive, curiously familiar in his tone. No one, even looking over his list of books to be read, could think him a snob or a *poseur*—at least not more than is perhaps inevitable. He trots out critical commonplaces with real glee, and no apparent sense that they *are* commonplaces—not the *poseur's* fault. I think the truth is that he has remained in some ways queerly adolescent. The remark about German poetry, for instance, is the kind of thing one might have written, self-complacently, of course, but quite sincerely, at sixteen: that is how youth glories in its own blind spots, and really thinks them a lofty rejection of the inferior. Mr. Pound has the innocent arrogance of the youth who has just discovered that he, too, can judge—who is so elated at having seen something for himself that everything else becomes invisible. He has the youthful tendency, if he thinks a book neglected, to retort by proclaiming it "the most beautiful in the language." He is youthful in his pedantry, thoroughly youthful in the priggishness that won't allow other people to like crosswords, that can't see any fun in the old jokes about *Sordello*. He is youthful in his haughty attitude to communication, his assumption that *he* must always be intelligible at a glance, that what *he* is noticing at the moment is the only thing the intelligent would see. "The ideal way," he says of "Exhibits," ". . . would be to give quotations WITHOUT any comment whatever. I am afraid that would be too revolutionary. By long and wearing experience I have learned that in the present imperfect state of the world, one MUST tell the reader." Why, not merely the assumption but the very style is adolescent. One would not choose to remain as young as that: but there is something nice about it, perhaps, after all.

K. JOHN

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE WAXWORKS

Queen Alexandra. By Sir GEORGE ARTHUR. *Chapman and Hall.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

English Dress. By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

Queen Alexandra, by Sir George Arthur, is a simplified outline account of King Edward's and Queen Alexandra's reign, of their political views and machinations, their visits to their relatives on the various European thrones, their charitable enterprises, and so on; it is not a serious study of Queen Alexandra as a human being. Sir George Arthur indicates his point of view about the Queen in the first four lines of the book: at the beginning is the following verse:

> And whence comes Love?
> Like morning light it comes without thy call.
> And how dies Love?
> A spirit bright, Love never dies at all.

Presumably this refers to Queen Alexandra. Then there follows the portrait of a peerless lady indeed. Queen Alexandra's great beauty is a legend already, but here we learn further. We learn that she was also always "a shade better dressed than any other woman in the room"; that, "children had no secrets from her," that there was no spark of covetousness anywhere in her composition:

> A legacy would only have a sentimental value in her eyes, and when King Edward presided over the distribution of Queen Victoria's personal belongings among his sisters, she simply could not understand why any one of them should ever wish to be preferred before another.

We hear that, "she revelled in all talk that rippled with innocent laughter." Though at the many dinners and parties given by her and King Edward the talk was often very good, "the laughter had no taint of foolish jesting." Then "she was seriously devoted to music," "those evenings when Destinn and Caruso 'tried over' Madame Butterfly were sheer delight." Her charities were one of her main interests. "Queen Alexandra's charities may have been a little undisciplined, but the charity which dictated them welled from her heart and without this more excellent way all other virtues, we have been warned, are comparatively negligible." Her relationship with her mother-in-law was perhaps the most remarkable thing of all. Although Queen Victoria insisted on having every little item in Alexandra's family affairs done in her own way (starting from her refusal to pass the bridal robe, a specially prepared gift from "Uncle Leopold" of Belgium—which at the last moment was laid aside, "the Queen (Victoria) patriotically preferring Honiton to Brussels lace")—in spite of all this, such was Alexandra's sweetness, that with her mother-in-law, "no slightest breeze ever ruffled their relations, no word other than gentle can be traced in their thoughts."

The Kaiser, on the other hand, is all utterly wrong from the word "go," with no redeeming qualities. His first appearance is as a small boy, at the Princess Alexandra's wedding, where he is described slinking round, "pinching the legs of his youthful kilted uncles, whose sense of decorum prevented them retaliating." Each entrance upon the scene after this is more pitiful than the last; from the tactless advice he gives King Edward at a shooting party, as to the proper petrol to use in his motor cars, down to his mode of saluting Queen Alexandra—"the three rather loud kisses" which "a dainty lady" "accepted without wincing," etc., etc.

Again the Queen's eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, seems to have been a most wonderful person. Of him Sir George Arthur says at one point, "And then upon his mother's breast there died a Prince who, from end to end of his short life, was guiltless of an unkind word." Unfortunately language like this produces a strong suspicion that the author's loyalty is all the time preventing us from getting to the facts: this, for me, took the edge off what might have been an intriguing pageant of Royalty from the year 1844 to 1925.

English Dress, from Victoria to George V, by Dion Clayton Calthrop, is a résumé not only of the dresses but of what lay

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MACMILLAN

behind them, of the moods, the furniture, and habits that accompanied them—in the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII and George V. His little scenelets with a "period" flavour to them are the best part of the book. He describes an Edwardian Sunday. "The sound of church bells mingled with the smell of cooking as the roast beef of old England turned in the spit . . . cycling clubs met, and, dressed in short coats and knickerbockers, flew through the streets . . . and at night they returned scorching home with bluebells or May or other wild flowers stuck in their caps. . . ." In the Victorian section, he describes how people "demanded heavy things, their money's worth . . . they demanded heavy meals, heavy curtains, thick carpets, plush, rep, velvet pile, slabs of carved mahogany furniture, lumps of brass and marble. . . ." The descriptions are vivid—the only thing being that everyone does, as a matter of fact, know such period pictures off by heart already. Anyway a book setting out to describe in words the myriad garments worn in another century with but a few *extremely* roughly drawn sketches to back it up occasionally, is in my view a waste of time. In a dress, as in a building, it is the exact relation of the details to the whole, precisely how, and where, those little details are portioned out over the whole, that gives a dress a character. In the thick black wobbly lines of Mr. Calthrop's drawing all details are drowned together. Then he seems most insensitive to the varying "movement" in the dresses of the different periods. To give a crude example of this: where a pouter-pigeon, bursting-bosom effect is the main idea, Mr. Calthrop's picture shows a little starveling with a chest like chewed up string; and where a Hottentot-bottom stance was the correct attitude, Mr. Calthrop depicts a miserable long ninepin of a woman falling over backwards, quite the reverse stance to the one actually in fashion. Time and again these modern costume books prove the same point, that the only satisfactory illustration of a dress is a plate contemporary to it, reproduced. For the contemporary artist's own subtle distortions of hands, feet, and features all go to build up the feeling and character of the dress; whereas the sketches of fashions in these books seem to turn out as different from the original fashions as if a draughtsman (to translate into architectural similes) were to go to copy St. Mark's Cathedral, and come away with a version of the Dorchester Hotel.

JULIA STRACHEY

A NIGHTMARE JOURNEY

Journey to the End of the Night. By LOUIS FERDINAND CÉLINE. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Voyage au bout de la nuit was reviewed at length in these columns last year. It can be read now in the English of Mr. John Marks's version published by Chatto and Windus. Something of the original has been lost in translation, the colloquialisms have been rather toned down, but on the whole Mr. Marks has done his work adequately and well. The remarkable qualities of Céline's novel will be evident to anyone who reads it now for the first time.

Its importance lies chiefly, I think, in the fact that Céline has summed up a type which has been floating about for some time in fiction. Bardamu, the civilian soldier and underdog, is a type of whom we are all very much aware at the moment. We find him, on a small scale, in the novels of Hemingway, Dos Passos and William Faulkner; even more strikingly, there is the figure of Alan Berg's *Wozzeck*, with its terrifying and almost lunatic yell from the pit. But all of these, except perhaps Wozzeck, are seen from the outside; the underdog, true to life, is always somebody else; he is exhibited. The assumption (flattering to the reader) is that he is the exception and not the rule.

Céline writes in the first person. The result is a narrative which is half picaresque adventure and half personal phantasmagoria. Bardamu, telling his own story, reveals himself as the *successful* underdog; a man with a certain amount of intelligence, considerable vigour, and a cynical and clear-sighted view of his surroundings. He is not, like Wozzeck, submerged; he travels, has mistresses, sets up a small practice as doctor in a suburb. Nevertheless, he is successful only as an opportunist, as a lead-swinger in the army, as his mistress's second choice, as the man with the feeling that he'll get what's coming to him; and he travels from one no-man's-land to another. It is obvious to him that if he had money he could possess the women he wants; but he makes no serious attempt to get money, it is not his role. His ambitions are little more than sexual dreams, visions of America with its marvellous women. . . . He gets to America, but of course has no money, and passes the ranks of women in the hotel lounge on the way up to his room on the top floor.

It is the war, at the beginning of the book, that has fixed his experience. His only hope then was to be captured by the enemy; the scenes of butchery and squalor ceased to affect him except with a greater desire to save his own skin; at night the burning villages lit up the landscape like bonfires, and watching them burn out before dawn was one of his few pleasures. Before the war, he says, we knew nothing. It is that experience, intense and indifferent, that hangs over the rest of the book. The nightmare of the battlefield is repeated wherever he goes—a Paris suburb, the tropics, New York—scenery exploding round him in a squalid splendour as he pokes his way along; everywhere oppression, poverty, brutality and ugliness.

Céline has made of this autobiographical figure a veritable monument of the underdog; swaggering, cynical, active, patient, one of a mass of men. His self-revelation is brilliantly lifelike and complete. For all his jauntiness and cynicism he is a savage and even terrifying figure, when we come to consider him.

The book is long, shapeless, unevenly written, and marred by a belated plot towards the end. These faults, however, affect its real value very little. The final protest of a human being will always be individual and not political; and Céline's Bardamu has the reality which the political underdogs of so many post-war novels inevitably lack. It is an extraordinary testament of the individual.

G. W. STONIER

THE RIVAL POET

Chapman. With Illustrative Passages. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. *Nonesuch Press.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Although it is obvious enough why Chapman, who, even more than Shakespeare, hated "the profane multitude," has never been popular, it is difficult to account for the continued neglect of his works by the majority of critics and scholars. Seeing how very few texts remain to be edited, and how intense, how exhaustive and indeed exhausting has been the activity of students in the field of Elizabethan literature during the last thirty years, it is certainly very odd that Chapman has been overlooked. His plays, it is true, have been carefully edited by the American scholar, Dr. Parrott, but his recension has been out of print for some time and its publishers have no intention of reprinting; the available texts are as incomplete as they are incompetent; and Chapman's poems have never been adequately edited. Yet, I believe it is also true to say that Chapman's reputation at the present time is greater than it has ever been, greater possibly than it was even in his own lifetime. The Nonesuch Press, at any rate, have not allowed the three hundredth anniversary of his death on May 12th, 1634, to pass unnoticed, and the commemorative volume they have prepared for the occasion—a very pleasing specimen of Mr. Francis Meynell's work—provides the ordinary reader with an admirable introduction, by way of criticism and illustration, to Chapman's writings. Mr. Havelock Ellis provides the criticism, Mr. J. I. M. Stewart the selections.

For much, if not most, of the neglect from which he has suffered in the past, Chapman himself must be held responsible. Like Donne, whom he resembles most closely in his intellectual curiosity, he is (in Donne's phrase) "a dark author." And like Donne again, but unlike Jonson, his greatest admirer and only equal for classical learning, Chapman had an immoderate appetite for knowledge, which he could never completely digest. In consequence, much of his verse remains heavy, confused and obscure, the shapeless product of an imperfect fusion of thought with sensibility. That he was aware of this fatal inhibition is apparent from the lines he addressed to his friend, Herriot:

> Oh, had your perfect eye organs to pierce
> Into that chaos whence this stifled verse
> By violence breaks, where glow-worm like doth shine,
> In nights of sorrow, this hid soul of mine;
> And how her genuine forms struggle for birth,
> Under the claws of this foul panther earth!

This problem of the "hid soul" recurs frequently; he returns to it again in the "Epistle Dedicatory" to "Ovid's Banquet of Sense," a critical manifesto some modern poets might study with profit, where he says:

> Obscurity in affection of words, and indigested conceits, is pedantical and childish; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, attired with fitness of figure, and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed.

So, indeed, he laboured to give a style to what Mr. Ellis calls "his defective utterance"; and sometimes it seems that he is trying to make a virtue, even an ideal, out of the necessity, in his

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case, of obscure expression. His sense of the darkness of the world within himself finds an interesting and significant parallel in his preoccupation with the darkness of the world without, a predilection that distinguishes him from all his contemporaries. Like his own Bussy, he "neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes," seeing in "the drowsy and enchanted night" a symbol of the "heavy riddle" of human nature. His first poem, it is worth noting, published in 1594, was called *The Shadow of Night*. Yet Chapman, in spite of himself, was undoubtedly influenced by the spiritual and intellectual "climates" of his time. Yet for all his typical Elizabethan bluster and love of heroics, and his Marlovian admiration for the superman, one feels that the real world lay for him not in El Dorado nor in "the Land of Spice and Myne" but in his own soul.

It is usual to say that Chapman had little or no sense of dramatic form, to speak of him as a poet who by force of circumstance wrote for the stage. Such criticism assumes that a play can be judged as well in print as in the theatre. Chapman's plays have never been revived, but an amateur production of the comedy *All Fools* caused Dr. Parrott to revise his home-made opinion that it was undramatic. A revival of *The Gentleman Usher* would almost certainly confirm Dr. Parrott's judgment. It is less easy to persuade oneself that Chapman's tragedies would bear production; long speeches, paraphrased from Epictetus, do not go down well with an audience, and it is surprising that they ever did, even with the enthusiastic and uncritical audience of an Elizabethan playhouse. Chapman's weakness as a dramatist is most evident in his tragedies, though to read *Bussy d'Ambois* is to realise how near he comes to greatness as an artist. His sense of form, even if he failed to perfect it in any of his plays, is unequalled except in Jonson. But at his best he is magnificent; his poetry, as Jonson said, is "rammed with life"; it is intensely individual, and, if it moves slowly and cumbersomely, its progress is solemn and superb; one is always conscious of its strength and bulk, ready to leap forward on the wave of an extraordinary inspiration.

> Fly, where the Evening from th'Iberian vales,
> Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate,
> Crown'd with a Grove of Oaks; fly where men feel
> The burning axletree, and those that suffer
> Beneath the chariot of the Snowy Bear . . .

"The proud, full sail . . ."—scholarship has yet to find another worthier or more likely claimant to the title of Shakespeare's "rival poet." Often enough, indeed, we may find ourselves, like Dryden, "cozen'd with a jelly" where we supposed a falling star. But the stars are there, and most of them will be found in this volume.

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I once attempted to give a lecture on Ronald Firbank to a group of Japanese students. The lecture was not a great success. Fronted by a serried rank of serious bespectacled faces, my reasons for admiring the wholly amoral and entirely unserious work of this frivolous and eccentric *fils de famille* seemed to melt away into the thinnest of hot air. Even in England I have sometimes experienced a similar difficulty. The charm of Firbank's novels cannot be conveyed. His humour is not improved by translation. Indeed, a certain "pointlessness"—a streak of pure silliness in his composition—becomes, at any rate for those who have fallen under his spell, one of Ronald Firbank's chiefest beauties. Humour, after all, is quite irrational. Nature itself is often funny; and it displays its comicality in the most capricious manner. Deep down beneath the commonplace and unsmiling universe in which we live hides a vein of sheer absurdity which it is the function of the true humorist to draw up from its subterranean recesses as through an artesian well. Then, unexpectedly, the painful turns to the ludicrous. Firbank's jokes are of the kind that dawn upon our minds suddenly, brilliantly, and evoke an immediate irrepressible laugh. His aestheticism may suggest the period of Aubrey Beardsley and Baron Corvo; but among the steatopygous acolytes, the musty brocaded hangings, the tall church candles, the weary, exquisite, depraved personages he loves to introduce, lurks a modern and extremely caustic sense of humour. He is an amateur of the esoteric and the hyper-cultivated, but he never descends to the solemn foolery of the Black Mass.

There was something about him of the *naïf* or natural. Firbank was a born eccentric, the *dilettante* and *poseur par excellence*; but he was also a born writer, equipped with a delicate feeling for the beauty and mystery of words. Nine stories—not including *Odette d'Antrevernes*, a rather feeble pastiche of Francis Jammes printed in early youth—have already reached the public; and now Sir Coleridge Kennard, who is lucky enough to own the manuscript, has prefaced a tenth, *The Artificial Princess*, written just before *Vainglory*, which made its appearance in 1915. He describes it as "a mature and typical work. In it the faint, shadowy Court, the Conder-like figures, the ceremonial, the stifled twilights and whispered innuendoes that were to form the background of his later books are sketched for the first time." It is true that the machinery of *The Artificial Princess* is more haphazard than that of *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, or *Sorrow in Sunlight*. The story only exists as an excuse for Firbank's virtuosity. But how brilliant that virtuosity is! How rapid is the transition from one smile to the smile that succeeds it; and how clearly through the decorated and cloistral labyrinth of Firbank's prose runs the echo of his subdued but infectious snigger.

Take, for instance, this portrait of the Baroness Rudlieb:

> The Baroness was a thin, weary person, with the air of a *passée* Madonna. She had that faint consumptive colouring that connoisseurs so admire, and nervous mystical hands that might have belonged to an El Greco Saint. Her nose, ever so little to one side, suggested ruse, a capacity for deception. . . . In a woman whose appeal had been so gloriously universal, graciously unhampered by politics, her charm was naturally elusive. But probably her secret lay in her untidiness; she had made it a study. Untidiness, with her, had become a fine art. A loose strand of hair . . . the helpless angle of a hat; and, to add emphasis, there were always quantities of tiny paste buttons in absurd places on her frocks that cried aloud to be fastened, giving her an air of irresponsibility which the very young Courtiers seemed to find quite fascinating.

There are moments in *The Artificial Princess* when Firbank's characteristic *décor*—a drop-scene depicting some far-away,

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highly civilised middle-European capital, with its sugar-cake opera-house, painted sentry-boxes, sedate multi-coloured trams and rolling resplendent court carriages—attains to a vividness unsurpassed in his later novels. More than half the present narrative is occupied by an account of a tram-ride undertaken by the Baroness Rudlieb at the command of the Princess, who aspires to play Salome to a local prophet; and from this episode I extract the following description of the city pigeons:

> The branches of the chestnut trees drooped above her listlessly, wrapt in summer haze. Here and there the town doves, looking like plump white pearls, threaded through the heavy foliage, cooed capriciously as they plumed themselves, dropping down feathers and platitudes on the passers-by.
>
> They were inadequately supported by the State, and would certainly have died long before, but for the charitable assistance of foreign tourists. They lived to be photographed; posing for picture-postcards, and "souvenirs," hovering, and doing their best, over the heads, or at the feet, of anybody who would throw them sufficient corn—as indifferent to the nationality, as to the quality of the hand that threw; more callous even than the pert *meretrix* who flaunted beneath them when evening fell. They were not particular, but they were acutely bored with their profession, and took it in turns, when, for a livelihood, a bourgeois destiny obliged them to disport themselves and show the lining of their wings. Sweet things! They had never heard of Venice.

Firbank's peculiar mannerism cannot be copied; at second-hand, it is as depressing as a Paris frock rehashed by a Pimlico modiste. Miss Bradda Field, however—though, I imagine, quite unconsciously—seems to have taken a leaf out of one of Firbank's more fantastic novels. How Firbankian is the dialogue of these two lovers:

> As she did not move he tried again to tempt her. "Come on now, and look at a brace of spectacled Dominicans carrying bombazine umbrellas."
>
> Resisting no longer she ran with eager steps to the balcony and looked down. Passing beneath were two friars wearing white habits, black mantles and hard hats with low round crowns. The black plush was smooth and glossy on the hat of the younger *religieux*; the pile was ruffled and lustreless on the hat of the elder.
>
> "Solicitude for expensive plush must induce them to carry umbrellas on such a cloudless day," Agatha conjectured.

As far as I understand her purpose, Miss Field did not intend to write a funny book; yet very funny *Grand Harbour* often is—the story of a run-down English baronet, who lives a life of poverty, retirement and quixotic good works, with his two discontented amorous daughters, in a squalid Maltese flat. The dialogue is particularly provocative of mirth, for it is written in a stilted, measured, either flowery or inappositely colloquial style that reminds one of an English phrase-book compiled by a foreigner. And what makes this effect the more remarkable is the excellence of many of the descriptive passages.

Mr. Pound, on the other hand, is a conventional writer. Almost from the first page we know the type of story that he has it in his mind to tell—the sober, unornamented, carefully composed chronicle of a prosperous, industrious Middle-Western clan, land-loving, race-conscious, and only slightly touched by the disturbing and disrupting influences of modern American life. A septuagenarian dominates the story. While I read of Captain Mark stalking around his barns and farmyard, every inch the patriarch, I could not help remembering Captain Flood, a very different and much more sympathetic Father of the Tribe, whose shadow falls across the opening chapters of Mrs. Stanley Hopkins' delightful but unduly neglected novel, *The Ladies*. Mrs. Hopkins' family chronicle is a work of literature; Mr. Arthur Pound's is a conscientious and informative piece of journalism, one that attempts to give us an accurate unbiased picture of a bygone state of society, rather than to induce a state of mind by literary artifice.

After the pioneers, the toilers and tillers, comes a generation whose exploits are critical, amatory and dionysiac. The forests and the beasts of the forest are driven away, and a new jungle—a jungle of girders and ferro-concrete—springs up in their stead. *City Harvest* is a bold survey of the resulting crop, studied from the point of view of a rich young married couple, both restless and both terribly sophisticated. It makes a lively but fatiguing and distracting volume. Marriage *à la mode* is Miss Dawson's theme:

> Marriage *à la mode*, a thick, pragmatic slice of conjugality, a dainty crust of "illicit" affairs, and on top of both the great vanilla blob of good manners. It was considered tasty. She had an appetite for it herself.

Whether the reader finds Miss Dawson's book a tasty production will depend on his appetite for sheer unbridled "cleverness"—Miss Dawson is often genuinely clever, and sometimes almost profound—expressed in innumerable images and figures of speech which seem to sit up and beg for his attention like a drawing-room full of little dogs. The dialogue is so vivacious as to be quite dizzying. Yet *City Harvest* seems the notebook of an intelligent commentator.

M. Romains, we all know, is an important novelist. In agreeable contrast to that turgid and preposterous novel, *Le Dieu des Corps*, comes *Eros in Paris*, the fourth volume of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* (published in Paris two years ago), and the worthy continuation of an ambitious series. M. Romains has now completed what he himself calls the "first part" of his huge novel—a prologue in which he attempted to "put us in the widest possible contact with the period which serves us as a threshold," where "the course of particular events was of less importance than their common origin. . . ." To judge the entire plan from a single volume would be as difficult as to judge a fresco at close quarters, with half the detail running off into obscurity; but we can enjoy at least a glimpse of its breadth and boldness. *Men of Good Will* has the uncommon distinction of being a colossus that can carry its own weight.

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been ruined by the amateurs. If they are interesting—and most of them are—the bigger share of the credit goes not to the traveller but to the country through which he has gone. The country is really writing the book.

This applies to Sir John Kirwan's account of a tour in Western and North-Western Australia, and to Mr. Gibson's agreeable reminiscences of sport and travel in the Gran Chaco. The authoress of *Maiden Voyage* is a cruising lady, and she has the disadvantage of being at sea most of the time. She and a friend sailed as "young Society girls" on a Norwegian cargo steamer from Adelaide to Hamburg, calling at Suez, Naples, Constantinople and Poti, in the Black Sea in Soviet Russia. Her ports, except Poti, are of no great interest. The Poti pages are good. The question arises, Can a holiday-making, non-professional writer make a sea voyage interesting, even though she does advance from the role of passenger to stewardess, when nothing very exciting happens on the voyage? I think not in this instance; one cannot be absorbed for long in the most innocent of "stunts" when the young woman is aware only of her "stunt" value. The prose is a genteel, cheerful chatter, not without its charm. Her domestic detail is best—that is what we want to know in travel; not the sensations, but the sort of domestic life that went on during the sensations—and I retain from the book one picture: "We went to the saloon, and there ironed dresses for hours. For the electric light is cut off in port to save coal. . . ."

The less consciousness of adventure, the more transcription of adventure into terms of every-day life, the better. I would put all travellers through a course of "Robinson Crusoe" if they are going to write. Mr. Sidney Howard has some of this art. He has the advantage of writing another man's story, and of knowing that deference to detail which imaginative writers have to learn. *Isles of Escape* is streets ahead of the other books on this list; it tells as much as a man who has quarrelled with his partners can tell, and, without being literature, it is a readable and amusing narrative. It is essential that anyone writing about the sea should know a great deal about his ship—the ship is here the foreign country—and herein lies Mr. Howard's, or rather his informant's, advantage over Miss Gilruth. Mr. Roydon Bristow, whose adventures are here recorded, is a young man with a second mate's certificate, and after some years in the merchant service he answered one of those advertisements in the *Times*, which begin: "Wanted. Two Adventurers . . ." The adventurers were amiable gentlemen who really believed in tales of buried Spanish treasure, and they wanted a crew for New Guinea. They also developed a chronic inability to make up their minds to the voyage once they had equipped themselves; they were, of course, short of cash. Their skipper, who had prudently got an advance on his pay, abandoned them at Lisbon, and Mr. Bristow was offered the job of skipper and a sixth share in the haul (or the boat, if there was no haul). He got, one gathers, neither in the end. He evidently regarded his employers with scepticism. They debated and wrangled interminably, and although, as he dryly puts it, after one of their debates, he had "never sailed with yachtsmen before," he decided that since he had begun with the folly he might as well go on with it.

The boat was a Cornish fishing smack, 52ft. overall, with a 14ft. beam, and drew 6ft. She was a double-ended ketch, oak-built, iron-fastened and sheathed in zinc—just as effective as copper, he notes, much cheaper, and it collects little weed or barnacles. She had a small engine and carried jib, jibtopsail, staysail, mainsail, topsail and mizzen. Her hull cost £40 in Cornwall, but £1,200 had been spent on fitting her out. She was a very comfortable boat. She did the 540 miles between Lisbon and Madeira in less than five days; from Madeira to Barbados they took 36 days, an average speed of 3.34 knots. The weather was fine, but they were often becalmed, and then the partners loathed one another. By the time they got to Panama, New Guinea was forgotten. They pushed on to the Galapagos, and there Bristow could stand his employers no longer. With little left in the world he installed himself on the volcanic island of Santa Cruz with a Danish-American family, and found what it was like to scratch a living in an earthly paradise. His story on these islands is mainly interesting for its pictures of the Europeans, mainly Norwegian, German and Dutch, who had attempted to settle in this tropical loneliness and live the simple life. The most fascinating pair were a German doctor and his wife, known on the island as Adam and Eve, because they went about naked on their land. The place was heavily fenced, and one fired a gun to warn them, when on a visit, so that they might put on clothes. They lived under a tree, with corrugated iron spread over the branches for shelter. They were vegetarians and lived on their own cultivated supplies of fruit and vegetables. The doctor, who feared the pangs of toothache, had had, with elaborate foresight, all his teeth extracted, and wore a false set made of steel. They were for eating only. He believed that the "natural life" would enable him to live to well over a hundred, and he wanted teeth that would last. Mr. Bristow ultimately went to sea again, to the Marquesas and Tahiti. This part of his book I found less interesting.

Sir John Kirwan is the politician traveller. He motors over sparsely inhabited Western Australia, with a rapturous eye for its possibilities in the far future, but is candidly glum about its immediate prospects. He meets the leading people in the townships, and recounts their pioneering histories. He ardently advocates a white Australia, and particularly a white Northern Australia, and he wants our surplus population without offering any opinion upon how this is to be managed. The sub-tropical North is strange. In Broome, a pearl town, described as a corner of Asia where the population is about 2,000 (it was 4–5,000 in the boom years), the colour cleavage is marked. In Derby, a much smaller place not far away, there is no colour bar at all and there is a socially accepted half-caste population. His book is packed with picturesque information and is written with fervour and with a dignity unusual in the works of itinerant politicians. In a moment of expansiveness one wants to go out and settle. Then one turns back over the pages: in spite of all, his picture is a depressing one.

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the struggle. There is no change in Lord Lloyd's philosophy. He remains the Die-hard Imperialist, consistent, sincere, and fanatical in his belief in the right of Britain to govern (and the duty to govern well, whatever that may mean) the Orientals whom conquest or chance has put in her power. For him, good administration is the supreme test and justification of our rule. The idea that Egyptians, Indians, and the like are at present capable of managing their own affairs seems to him absurd, and he deplores again and again the inculcation of Western political theories in the East. This silly sentimentalism, as he sees it, is not only damaging to our own interests; it is a crime against the peoples for whom we have assumed a responsibility, and on whose behalf we should continue to exercise it, whether they like it or not. Lord Lloyd appears to regard demands for freedom in these peoples as a sign of perversity, and any serious concession to them as weakness on our part. Nor does he realise the futility of harping on good administration to men who are clamouring for self-administration—even if that be, in other people's eyes, less good.

The scene in this volume opens with the Milner Mission, whose views and recommendations were naturally repugnant to Lord Lloyd. It made generous concessions—far too generous, in his opinion—to the Egyptian demands in a spirit of misguided optimism. The assumption on which the agreement with Zaghlul Pasha in 1920 was based was that Egypt was ready for friendship with Great Britain, whereas what Egypt—or at any rate Zaghlul and his party, who dominated Egypt—really aimed at was independence. Equally repugnant was the famous "Declaration" which Lord Allenby finally forced out of the British Government. But by this time Lord Lloyd was prepared to make the best of a bad job. It was useless now to try to go back on the recognition of Egypt's sovereign independence; his hopes were concentrated on the other half of the Declaration, in which four matters were reserved in our hands pending a satisfactory settlement. These were the security of Imperial communications, the defence of Egypt against foreign aggression, the protection of foreign interests in Egypt, and the Sudan; and by a firm attitude on these Lord Lloyd thought, and continued to think, we could keep within bounds the damage done by our "surrender."

When he himself went to Cairo as High Commissioner in the autumn of 1925 he was confronted by a difficult situation. The Declaration of 1922 had not of course ended the struggle; it had been the beginning of a whole new series of troubles. And now, with the Constitution established, there was a fierce contest between the Palace and the parliamentarians, a general election was coming, and there was the probability, the practical certainty, indeed, of a sweeping victory for the Wafd. Lord Lloyd was by no means a thick and thin supporter of King Fuad's pretensions, but he was resolute against a Zaghlul government, and he used all the influence he could to avert what he considered such a mischief. The mischief was in fact averted, despite the Wafd's huge majority; but though the new Ministry was Adly's, the power and the glory were Zaghlul's. From now onwards, through the conflicts and crises of the next few years, it is easy to see the divergence of outlook between the High Commissioner and Whitehall. This appeared during the commotion over the Egyptian army in 1927, it appeared again in the negotiations with Sarwat Pasha, and still more markedly on the question of the taxes in the spring of 1929. With the advent of the second Labour Government, matters came to a head very rapidly. Lord Lloyd's account of the disagreeable episode of his resignation, which occupies a full chapter, is interesting rather than convincing. He does not dispute Mr. Henderson's right to supplant him by a more congenial person at the Residency in Cairo. But he objected to his dismissal being based on irrelevant or false grounds of differences with Sir Austen Chamberlain and of his not having "played the game" in the past. His argument is plausible, but the facts are not all on his side. Mr. Henderson did not really misrepresent the position, and it was Lord Lloyd himself, or at least Mr. Winston Churchill and others of his friends, who forced the exposure of all the circumstances from the Government.

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All of these books, except the last, are half guides and half travel essays; a certain amount of information is given to the reader and his enthusiasm is whetted by the personal experiences of the author. They are not books for the most part which would be read for themselves, or would appeal to the traveller whose journeys end at the circulating library. They have, in fact, a definite use beyond enjoyment, and we may assume that the person who buys a copy of, say, *On Foot in Berkshire* is someone who is going to Berkshire and, moreover, is going to walk when he gets there.

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The Devon Landscape and *Tramping in Derbyshire* take more pride in the fact that each in its way is a show county. The Derbyshire book, as its title suggests, is largely concerned with routes for the walker, though a good deal of general information is also provided. *The Devon Landscape* is a readable little book and remarkably complete for its size; one notes with gratitude a folding and detachable map at the end, and an appendix, listing the county's churches.

All three of these books can be recommended as useful and compact volumes which do not pander too much to the tourist or affect an exaggerated vagabondish style.

The author of *Loch Lomond and the Trossachs*, overawed perhaps by his magnificent scenery and by a national as well as a native pride, attempts too much description. He gives a running commentary from the train window and the deck of the boat; "the east side of the loch is now astern, as tree-fringed, leafy-topped Inchfad glides by"; but since the reader will have his own chance of seeing Inchfad glide by, he does not want a feeble imitation of it in advance. Better far to describe the things he will *not* see—the bits of history, local lore, and so on—and prefer fact to descriptiveness. There is a great deal of picturesque history also in *Loch Lomond*. The tourist will find this book soaked in an almost professional tourism, but in spite of its lushness it may prove useful.

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It is hard to believe that Mr. Teilhet has never previously published a thriller. *The Talking Sparrow Murders* is a highly polished piece of work, with none of the staccato emphasis of the beginner in the craft who is afraid his points may not go home. This account of a sequence of crimes in Heidelberg on the eve of the Nazi revolution last year has the rarest and most precious quality one can hope for in a thriller, the sense of actuality. One has to remind oneself that this is not a new variety of war experience but an exercise in imagination, so intense is the vividness of the description. I suppose Hemingway must get the credit for the speeding-up devices of the young American writers. They describe ten minutes of a scene in ten pages of detail, and go straight on without any asterisks to ten minutes at breakfast the following morning. In the hands of a bungler the trick is maddening, but Mr. Teilhet is a master of it, and the effect given is one of extreme condensation, as if the author was bent on giving his readers only the veriest essentials of his story and was anxious not to waste a minute of his precious time or theirs. The subtle flattery certainly works, and boredom, the bane of all spun-out thrillers, is circumvented. I shall not spoil the book by any description of the plot, but anyone who opens the cover is to be pitied if he does not get three hours of intense excitement and enjoyment before he finds to his horror that he has reached the end. Mr. Anthony Wynne's method of writing a thriller is to stupefy the reader at the earliest possible moment by a murder in impossible circumstances, so impossible that it is useless to conjecture how it came about, and explain the mystery rather hurriedly on the last few pages. The *corpus* of the book is generally occupied with a slow chase of the conspicuous criminal. In *Death of a Banker* a financier falls from his horse in the centre of an open field in full view of fourteen spectators, with a knife through his heart. Did the horse stab the man? Not quite. *The Return of Cardannesley* treats of secret foreign agents trying to seize the vital British formula (this time for an aero engine) in the way they always seem to try, and no wonder they fail with such regularity.

The new Ellery Queen, *The Chinese Orange Mystery*, is rather disappointing, although as a detective writer of the first rank he never allows his work to be slipshod or fall below a certain high standard. The challenge to the reader to solve the crime on the evidence given, which is a regular and attractive feature in all Ellery Queen's books, is in this case rather unfair. The explanation of the death of a total stranger in the anteroom of a private suite in a New York hotel depends on a close scrutiny of the position of the body, the furniture and everything else in that room. (I may say that nothing was in its proper place and most things were back to front.) We ought to be given a plan of that room and all we are given is a rather inadequate verbal description. I never

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BOOKS ACROSS THE SEA!

It is not the intention of this friendly column to appear boisterous. But books do appear in the United States which are never reproduced in England, that would, nevertheless, adorn and—forgive the presumption—liven an Englishman's bookshelves. Consider, for example, the four books to which we are limiting our first communication.

1. BODY, A NEW STUDY IN NARRATIVE OF THE ANATOMY OF SOCIETY, by DANIEL QUILTER, with 9 unusual half-tones by Anton Skillin. Among the studies are: *Body*, the story of the 16-year-old movie star who was corrupted by the eyes of her vast audience; *A Thing of Beauty*, the odyssey of the policeman assigned to watch overnight the dead body of a Follies beauty; *Master Bator's Death*; and *The Longer Journey*, the tale of the 80-year-old virgin, Mlle. d'Oliviers, who enters heaven in the company of Voltaire, Samuel Johnson, Casanova and other celebrities of that century. There are 100 copies of this volume for England at 15s. a copy.

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have taken to Father Knox in his detective vein, and *Still Dead* has not converted me, although it is extremely well-written, as one might expect, threaded with clean English humour, and basted with classical learning and broadminded criticism of modern life. Indeed, its merits are so varied that they distract one from the practical business of investigating why the heir to a Scottish estate should be found dead of exposure twice running outside his father's gates when he was supposed to be on a cruise to Madeira. Those who have studied Father Knox's psychology will make their guess at the solution of this puzzle on that, rather than anything he relates of his characters—and they will not be wrong! When he can bring himself to allow a Roman Catholic to poison his Protestant mother, slowly, for her money, I shall find Father Knox really baffling in his broadmindedness.

A new detective writer of some distinction appears in Mr. Philmore, who has written *Journey Downstairs*. The distinction lies mainly in a very unpretentious readable style. The plot is of the country house variety, where four people are suspected of murdering their host in his study with a dagger from the hall. Nobody can quarrel with that old friend! And the characters of the suspects are rounded out with dexterous touches of realism, making the book appear like a problem in psychology. But it is not the psychology which is to count; in the end the guilty one is selected in a perfectly arbitrary way on a question of time and fact, and the after-taste in the reader's mouth is one of slight disappointment at a forced solution.

Ten Minute Alibi is simply the story of the play adequately transposed from the spoken to the written word. The play was so clever and so quick that one was left wondering at the end whether there might not have been a flaw overlooked. For instance, why did the answer Colin Derwent made about seeing Muriel's passport on the table, which cleared him in the eyes of the detectives, convict him in his own eyes and those of the audience? The text shows that there is no flaw at all, but only a clever logical illusion.

The Listerdale Mystery is not a new full-length Agatha Christie, but only a collection of magazine stories, knocked off with all her talent, but rather meagre, nevertheless, without a single morsel of Poirot to help them out.

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The superlative and continued delight caused by the Russian Ballet is a fact for the psychologists. And until they consider such facts with intelligence, aesthetics will continue to be mere speculation. Many of us would confess, if honest, that these performances have during the last sixteen years given us a greater amount of pleasurable aesthetic experience than anything else. I do not for an instant suggest that any ballet is comparable in aesthetic stature with *Antony and Cleopatra* or the Beethoven Mass or the frescoes of the Arena Chapel. The explanation of this apparent contradiction is not simple. In the first place we cannot live permanently upon the peaks. As part of our experience we want Guys as well as Giotto, Peacock as well as Shakespeare: great masterpieces do not make minor ones unnecessary. And those who maintain that only the best is good enough for them are hypocritical as well as puritanical. Tragedy, for instance, is too purgative to make a daily diet. I suppose I have seen *Les Sylphides* a hundred and fifty times, always with pleasure. Conceivably a perfect performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* would continue to give me increasing pleasure if I saw it twice a week for two months every year, but I doubt it. Is it not possible that ballet has a quantitative advantage over every other art form? It is more complicated, and a masterpiece like *Les Sylphides* has always something new to show. In the simultaneous appeal to eye and ear, opera is evidently the closest competitor, and a first-rate performance of *Figaro* (a work in quality much superior to any ballet ever devised) has visual and dramatic resources which approach those of a ballet. But the simultaneous assault it makes on the senses remains less rich and less continuous.

I would further suggest that it is easier for ballet than for opera or drama to attain perfection, because the rigorous ordering of movement it requires leaves less scope to the individual performer than acting. It is true that ballets have usually been designed partly for particular dancers, and that all great dancers show their personality even in the most classical ballets: Karsavina and Lopokova give to the same movements a different character. In a play too great a creative effort is required of the individual, except perhaps in the prodigiously regimented productions of a Stanislavski; and as a result one has never seen anything approaching a perfect performance of a Shakespeare tragedy. But in dancing personality is merely something added to technique; it is the scent, not the flower. Massine, for instance, designed the part of the Miller in *The Three-cornered Hat* for himself; when Woizikowski danced it, something was gone, but his technique produced perfection. That something was only a work of supererogation.

These considerations are not a summary of Mr. Adrian Stokes's book, but a sample of the many considerations about the ballet which he has not found space to treat. Indeed, my only quarrel with him is that even in a short book he could have said a great deal more. His enthusiasm and his taste are equally admirable, and frequently crystallise into poetic images of great felicity and beauty. He dismisses the work of the Expressionist and "Silly Tosch" school very neatly: "Whatever the subject of such a dance may be, one is conscious of the emotion to possess or express emotion." How often watching such dancers I have thought that if they felt a little less, I should feel a lot more: in fact that their enjoyment was spoiling mine.

Every lover of ballet should read Mr. Stokes's book, especially for his convincing defence of the classical method. He explains admirably how *Les Matelots* feeds one's appreciation of *Les Sylphides*, and how the traditional technique is the logical exploitation of human movement, upon which style in non-classical ballet is dependent. He also discusses the miracle by which the *Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo* have so astonishingly revived and enriched the work of Diaghileff. I wish he had devoted more space to *Les Presagés*, in which Massine has produced a masterpiece comparable in excellence to *Les Sylphides*, *Petrouchka*, and his own *Three-cornered Hat*. This translation of a symphony is incomparably the most important achievement of the new company, and opens fascinating avenues. I was interested to find some of my friends as enthusiastic as myself over the choreography, but hostile to Masson's scenery and costumes. I suspected that this violent, and as I thought superb, *décor* was adding enormously to their enjoyment, though they were unaware of the fact. And I was

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confirmed in this opinion by *Choreartium*, in which Massine's choreography was again very fine, but which made little effect because of the emptiness of the *décor*.

The relative importance of a ballet's music, *décor*, and choreography; the individual characteristics of the various dancers and choreographers, and the invaluable service of the ballet in familiarising large audiences with the work of the best contemporary musicians and painters, are other subjects on which I should like to hear Mr. Stokes's opinions. In the meanwhile every sensible reader will be grateful for his book.

Mr. Calvocoressi's reminiscences of musical life have been republished at a lower price. They are agreeably written by a distinguished critic, and throw some light on Balakireff, Diaghileff, Ravel, and other distinguished persons whom the author has known well. RAYMOND MORTIMER

A JACOBS OMNIBUS

Cruises and Cargoes: W. W. JACOBS OMNIBUS. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This volume, admirably printed and bound, contains five books of Mr. Jacobs's stories: *Many Cargoes*, *Sea Urchins*, *Light Freights*, *Odd Craft*, and *Short Cruises*. He is a writer whose stories should be collected rather than selected; for, although their range is small, and the pattern rigid, they must be read in bulk, so that every nail is driven home a dozen times, every situation exploited to the last inch. Then, as we read the hundredth story or so, delighted by its freshness, we find it coming out like a good game of patience; the characters are all as familiar as court cards; a black must follow a red; and from a pretty confusion we pass into the final sequence which ends pat with the last card. Then shuffle for a new hand, and it goes on. The best tribute to Mr. Jacobs's art is the fact that, knowing the cards will come right, knowing too that with all his ingenuity he can never give us a real surprise, we are yet excited and satisfied by the little turns and surprises with which each of his stories is packed. He plays a rigid convention, in which everything, so far as his depiction of human nature is concerned, is above board; and, therefore, all the actions of his characters are underhand, all their utterances cut both ways, and the tables are turned this way and that with a vindictiveness and sarcasm which only the most good-humoured of writers could manage for long. He is still, for many readers, the funniest writer living—and tastes in funniness are apt to change rather quickly. The new style is cosmopolitan, West End and a good deal Americanised; Jacobs belongs to the older local school. He is as Cockney as Binstead, and though not as racy of speech, he expresses the peculiar sarcasm of the Cockney with admirable sly touches. The conversation at cross-purposes could hardly be better; the farcical peripeteia, revealing a biter bit, is true to life and to the Londoner's idea of a joke. One cannot reread these stories without experiencing again the nostalgia and placidity which his unpretentious art has brought together; how perfectly, for example, he catches that hour of the evening when street doors are open and people stand talking or looking across the way. Like all humorists, Jacobs should be read aloud; and then it will be found that there is not a sentence too many and hardly a sentence that is not written in the best way to get its effect.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Road to Nowhere. By MAURICE WALSH. *Chambers.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This time it is County Kerry that supplies the setting, but Mr. Walsh's characters are as free as ever and the change of scene places no restraint upon them. The hero is a young Scot, and with the help of two familiar friends—Paddy Joe Long and Jamesy Coffey—adventure comes easily. A not unpleasant murder sets the tale going, and readers of *The Key Above the Door* can trust the author's powers of description and turn of phrase to tell a pleasing story.

Costume and Fashion. Volume Six: THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By HERBERT NORRIS and OSWALD CURTIS. *Dent.* 25*s.*

That there is a relation between costume and national life is evident, but it would take some defining, and even defined would prove neither constant nor consistent. It has so many variant strands. When the King is dandiacal then dandyism will prevail, but dandies will persist whether Royalty will it or no. The Court and Paris certainly set the main fashions for this country in the nineteenth century, but whence they were set for Paris and Court, who shall say? Clothes, over and under, surged up and down, in to and out from, the male and female—but especially female—figure, like a flowing and ebbing tide. The general movement of the hundred years was from simplicity to superabundance, and thence again to comparative simplicity, though with a perpetual liability to break out in strange excrescences before and behind, above and below. Overdress and ugliness go hand in hand. "At no period," say the authors of this useful, entertaining work, which anticipates Volumes III-V of Mr. Norris's ambitious compilation, "have the clothes of men and women been so supremely hideous as those generally worn during the sixties and early seventies of last century." It was the period *par excellence* of frills and flounces, heavy checks and plaids. Mr. Curtis, it appears, is mainly responsible for the descriptions of clothes, and all the twenty-seven coloured and two hundred black-and-white drawings—clear rather than entrancing—are his. Mr. Norris supplies the not always immediately relevant notes on history and social life. It is all within its limits very well done. One's only regret is that the word Fashion should be interpreted so literally, and so little said of middle and lower class costume, the information regarding which is clearly obtainable, and the addition of which would greatly have increased its value for many students.

Broadly speaking, the prospects of Successful treatment of a patient in The Cancer Hospital (free) to-day are greater than ever before, especially when the disease is diagnosed in good time. Owing to the enormous advances made during the last few years in Radium and X-Ray Therapy, it is not too much to say there are now few cases of Cancer that cannot be relieved.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 223

Set by V. Sackville-West

Myself when young did memorise and all-too-frequently recite a composite poem something like this:

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled,
Because his arms and legs were off,
So he waved his sword and said,
My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
The village smithy stands.
The smith, a mighty man, was wrecked
On the pitiless Goodwin Sands;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.
The doctors had given her up, Sir,
The darling of our crew,
And the cheek of Argyll grew deadly pale,
All for that bit of blue.

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Then we rushed for the signal rockets—
Let's fire them quick, we cried,
As the good Abbot of Abrobrothrock
Plunged headlong into the tide.
Then who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me,
On board the schooner Hesperus
That sails the wintry sea?
For I, with two to help me,
Will keep the foe at bay,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May.

It is suggested that competitors should provide a composite poem of the same sort, with the proviso that the lines incorporated (of equivalent number) should be drawn exclusively from the work of living poets. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 29th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be one one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 221

Set by Richard Church

Trailer caravans are all the rage this summer and the countryside is considerably threatened by the army of amateur motor-gypsies. Draw up a code of six rules which will help them to preserve the rural amenities and to keep the good will of the country-dwellers.

Report by Richard Church

Nearly all of the entries for this obviously popular competition consist of straightforward "Don'ts," many of them are served up with lavish trimmings which tend to obscure the core of the injunction. Caravanners would never have the indoor patience to memorise two sheets of foolscap writing. I have, therefore, had to disqualify such entries, because they are impractical, though many of them are full of good advice.

One competitor, T. E. Casson, of Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, has couched his/her rules in moorish dress, and they contain the following prohibition, "Let the pilgrim abstain from wine." That seems to me a wicked, Puritanical and ungrateful rule, and it illustrates the dangers of inviting people to tell other people what or what not to do.

Several of the competitors are country vicars, and I notice that none of them produces such a purposeless, unimaginative rule as that by T. E. Casson. There is a note of anxiety in their entries, however, which suggests that outraged farmers and villagers are in the habit of calling at the rectory for advice.

The B.B.C. will note, with interest, that nearly every competitor reserves one of the six rules for limiting or even prohibiting the use of radio sets. Nudism and eccentricity in dress are also unpopular.

The first prize goes to James Hall (who does not give his address), because his rules are the nearest to being 22-carat golden: not too emphatic, yet all-embracing and easily remembered.

The second prize goes to Allan M. Laing, of Lyndale, 19 Wavertree Nook Road, Liverpool, 15, because his rules are sensible, courteous, nd discreet. They are not quite so easily memorised as Mr. Hall's.

FIRST PRIZE

THE COUNTRYSIDE IS YOURS

The countryside is yours—may you enjoy it!
It can't be anyone's if you destroy it.

You are a guest, no gate or hedgerow-crasher,
Carve not a bole, be not a blossom slasher!

Don't argue that, because by change you're suited,
These flowers, ferns, are also best uprooted.

Find books in running brooks—for that is fitter
Than others finding there your refuse-litter!

There's music here you should not wish to drown;
So why not keep the gramophone for town?

And when you leave, in health and strength exalted,
Leave naught to show your caravan has halted!

JAMES HALL

SECOND PRIZE

THE MOTOR-CARAVANNER'S CODE

1. ARRIVE EARLY ON YOUR CAMPING SITE
   if only to save worrying farmer-owners and others after working hours.
2. RUN YOUR OWN ERRANDS
   e.g., call for and carry back the eggs and milk, etc., with which the local farmhouse obliges you.
3. RESPECT THE LOCAL ATMOSPHERE
   within reasonable limits. Aim at being inconspicuous.
4. MAKE YOUR STAY PLEASANT
   by tact rather than tips.
5. LEAVE YOUR CAMPING SITE AS YOU FOUND IT
   unless it can be improved. In which case, improve it.
6. OBSERVE THE GOLDEN RULE
   i.e., act, as far as possible, as you would have a motor-caravanner act if you were not one, but a local resident.

ALLAN M. LAING

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 78.—VILLAGE BAZAAR

"Three pounds ten will be enough," said the Rector, "for you kids to spend at the Bazaar.

"I'm told there are five stalls, at which the prices are 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 3*s.*, 4*s.* and 5*s.* respectively. I want each of you to bring back three presents for your mother."

"From different stalls?" asked Margaret.

"Not necessarily," said the Rector. "But each of you must patronise at least two stalls. And you must not, collectively, patronise more than three stalls in all."

"Any other instructions?" asked Patrick, with just a suggestion of sarcasm.

"Yes, one other thing," said the Rector mildly. "You must so divide the money that no two of you spend the same amount."

How many children went to the Bazaar, and how did they allocate their money?

PROBLEM 76.—THE ROUND TABLE

Starting with King Arthur and working clock-wise round the table, the diners are seated as follows:

King Arthur, Lady Bogus, Sir Eggs, Lady Asphodel, Sir Dachshund, The Queen, Sir Camomile, Lady Eggs, Sir Bogus, Lady Dachshund, Sir Asphodel, Lady Camomile.

Much less "trial and error" is necessary than some solvers seem to have supposed. One colleague of mine solved the problem in his head. At the same time it is a good problem of its type and has produced a number of appreciative comments.

PROBLEM 75.—PLUTO'S FORMULA.

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to John B. Sanders, 34, Boulevard Rochebonne, Paramé, Ille et Vilaine, France.

There were 133 correct solutions.

Seven points are awarded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.E.G. (*Aberdeen*). Your alternative to "April's Brood" fails because there are far more than 5 partitions of 40 into 5 different numbers. But there are exactly 5 partitions of 40 into 8 numbers, which conforms to the conditions of the problem. *A.G.S.* (*S.W.*17). Thanks for note, I am much interested. I believe a number of these problems would be appreciated in schools, if introduced in the right way. *W.D.N.* (*N.W.*8). Thanks. Your score will be sent you. *E.K.A.* (*S.W.*16). Your suggested solutions are not admissible as the total is stated to be a multiple of 100. At the same time I should be much interested to have your method of calculation. *E.L.D.* (*Hove*). Your score will be sent. *F.C.W.* (*Cardiff*). Thanks. I am sending on your request. *W.I.C.* (*W.*2). I bow to your superior knowledge of medical jurisprudence.

SPHINX CLUB DINNER. Arundel Hotel, W.C.2, July 3rd, 7.0 for 7.30. Morning Dress. Dinner will be followed by games and competitions. Tickets, 5*s.* A number of "Caliban" solvers will be present, and all who care to come will be welcome as guests.

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In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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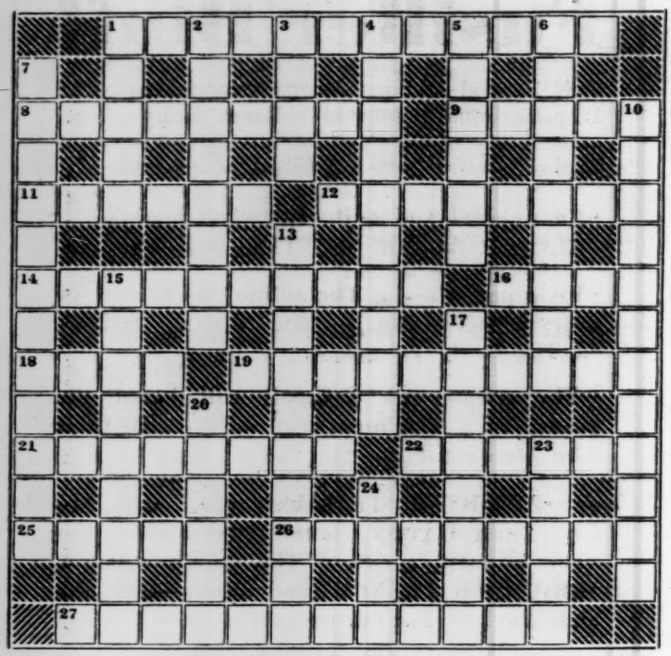
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 224

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The winner of last week's crossword is Mrs. Eric Lyall, Heath Cottage, Ballater.

ACROSS.

1. An armoured car would be the vehicle for this sportsman's rise.
8. Where medals are worn for a spree.
9. 11° 15′ on the compass.
11. Dramatic solo lament.
12. She remained an air-ess after marriage.
14. Hellenic post mortem.
16. See 21.
18. She's one of her middle letters.
19. The Arethusa, of course, was one of these.
21 and 16. Rural London thoroughfare suitable for peers.
22. Even when Felix it has been unhappy lately.
25. Balder's twin.
26. A ring clue for it.
27. 5's successor developed this fully in England.

DOWN

1. Between Miss Muffet and her seat.
2. Economists now look in vain for this sign of welcome.
3. Voyage to a Chaldean town.
4. This might be said to be the back view.
5. Gave his namesake 6 good feet of English earth as a portion.
6. State subject of a famous purchase.
7. The second isn't the first even in Australia, nor was it in Britain under Cromwell.
10. Should be shunned by beamish boys.
13. Coal as coin is the sort of thing that sometimes happens.
15. Some people get the blues there.
17. Sailor steps on stray insect.
20. The latest queen mother.
23. Thus many things stick.
24. Town for undertaking.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTE :—APERT—BYRON: "THE GIAOUR."

■	Q	U	E	E	N	O	F	H	E	A	R	T	S	■
S	■	N	■	L	■	R	■	A	■	F	■	W	■	T
P	I	S	C	I	N	A	■	T	U	R	P	E	T	H
R	■	U	■	A	■	N	■	C	■	I	■	N	■	E
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N	■	C	■	■	■	E	■	M	■	■	■	Y	■	D
G	R	E	S	H	A	M	■	E	X	P	L	O	D	E
C	■	S	■	O	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	S
L	A	S	T	M	A	N	■	T	O	R	P	E	D	O
E	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	F
A	S	H	■	S	H	A	M	B	L	E	■	R	A	M
N	■	A	■	A	■	G	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	A
I	S	R	A	F	I	L	■	S	L	I	M	M	E	R
N	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	U	■	S	■	I	■	C
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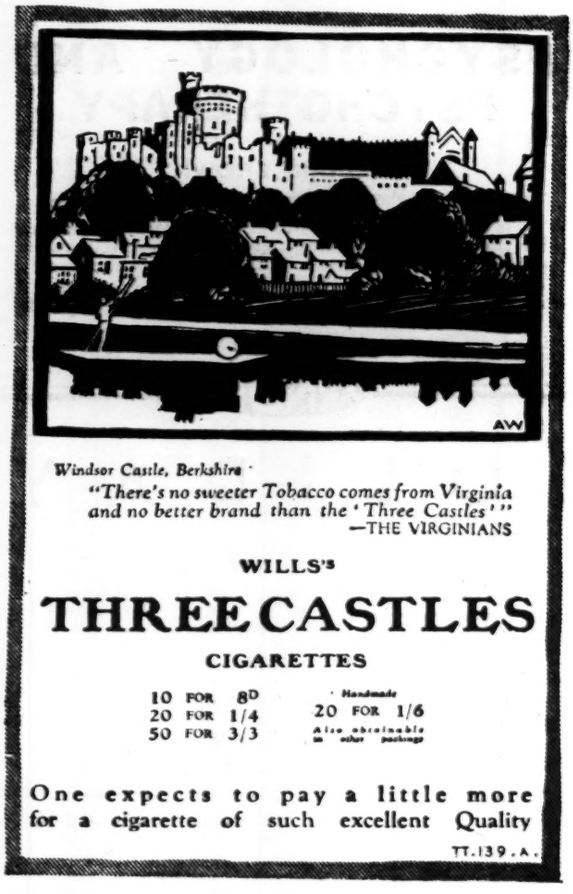

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE GERMAN BOMBSHELL—SHIPBUILDING SHARES—UNINTELLIGIBLE ACCOUNTS—SHELL AND THE OIL OUTLOOK

By TOREADOR

THE German default is still the talk in the City. I do not find any general approval of the "clearing house" threat which Mr. Chamberlain hurled at Dr. Schacht's head. If a "clearing house" were instituted without the consent of Germany, Anglo-German trade would suffer as Anglo-Irish trade has suffered. There would be a boycott of British goods in Germany as determined as the boycott of German goods by the Jews. Of course, Germany would suffer greater loss than we, for she has a favourable balance in our joint trading account, but why should any section of trade be punished for these follies of the Versailles Treaty? Germany has an unfavourable balance of trade with the British Empire as a whole. Is it right for the British Treasury to damage the exports of the British Dominions for the sake of a section of the *rentier* classes in Great Britain? The bondholders themselves, having interests directly or indirectly in the British export trades, would probably not welcome the "clearing house" institution. In any case, threats will have no effect upon Dr. Schacht, because if there is not enough foreign exchange both to meet the service of the foreign debt and to pay for essential raw materials for armaments, it is the foreign debt which must go without. The prudent course is to negotiate with Germany on the basis of a temporary moratorium (while she completes her rearmament) and to hope that before the moratorium expires there will be a change of regime in Germany which will bring a greater sense of financial responsibility. A political crisis is rapidly blowing up in Germany, and it is absurd to cut our own traders' throats to spite a transient Dictatorship in Berlin.

* * *

The revival in the market in shipbuilding shares is not without significance. Not long ago Mr. Runciman was making speeches in the House of Commons on the urgent need for reconstructing our mercantile marine. The larger proportion of the tonnage laid-up is obsolete, for in recent years there have been great improvements in hull design, in power transmission, and in fuel consumption. The suggestion has been made that the Government should consider the revival of the Trade Facilities Act for the purpose of guaranteeing loans raised for shipbuilding, provided that shipowners undertake to scrap three ships now laid-up for every new ship constructed. I understand that the Government is favourably disposed to the suggestion and is waiting for concrete proposals to be made. If the trade recovery in this country is to be carried forward, it is essential that the "heavy" section of the iron and steel industry should receive orders, and a revival in shipbuilding will provide the means of getting them. A Treasury guarantee for "shipbuilding loans" is the least objectionable form of subsidy for the shipping industry. The investor who is prepared to take a chance on a shipbuilding revival could not do better than to make a combined purchase of Swan Hunter 6% preference shares at 21*s.* 6*d.* still paying and ordinary shares at 16*s.*

* * *

The annual general meeting of the Shell Transport and Trading Company was chiefly marked by the demand on the part of certain shareholders, expressed in a most courteous manner, for fuller information in the accounts. Lord Bearsted, in an equally courteous reply, promised to give the matter full consideration. After this polite raising of the top-hats, I hope that the directors of all the big oil companies will do something. Otherwise, their next annual meetings may not be distinguished by gentlemanly conduct on the part of the shareholder-worms present. The Royal Dutch and Shell are holding companies, and without a consolidated statement of the revenues and assets of their subsidiaries their accounts are meaningless. It is a practice of the Royal Dutch and Shell Companies merely to draw sufficient dividends from their subsidiaries to cover the dividends which they see fit to pay their own shareholders. In the case of the Anglo-Persian, the balance of profit is struck after various deductions, and as the profit includes dividends from subsidiaries paid after various transfers to or from contingency and other reserves, the net result affords no indication of the real earnings. In a letter sent to the President of the Board of Trade, the Council of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce drew attention to the urgency of amending the Companies Act so as to ensure the publication of intelligible accounts. To quote from the Council's letter: "The majority of important public companies have adopted the subsidiary company principle to such an extent that their balance sheets are frequently useless as a guide to the true position of the company. There are cases where the greater part, and frequently the whole, of the share capital is represented by interests in subsidiary companies about which no information is afforded to shareholders." I would like to add my congratulations to Edmundsons' Electricity Corporation for having produced model consolidated accounts—as informative as those of Dunlop and Turner and Newall. With their large cash reserves, Sir Henry Deterding and Sir John Cadman should not be diffident about disclosing the true position of their companies.

* * *

There were other points in Lord Bearsted's speech which deserve public attention:

(1) The Royal Dutch-Shell group paid in direct duties and income tax last year £51,800,000, and distributed in dividends only £6,000,000, on a large part of which income tax and surtax are payable.

(2) The degree of competition between coal and fuel oil is not worth Government attention. "Raw coal has not, and is not taking from oil any serious volume of business." The yield of the tax on heavy oils has exceeded estimates. Hence, it is not driving users to coal, but merely imposing a burden on them.

(3) The tax on heavy oil was imposed at the request of the coal, gas, electricity, and railway industries. As a result, these industries pay 1*d.* per gallon tax on the lubricating oils they use, and, in addition, the gas industry pays on the gas oil used to enrich coal gas about £240,000 a year in taxes.

(4) The high-speed diesel engine (with electric transmission) is being used for passenger transport on the German, Dutch, and American railways with amazing success, but it is being stifled in Great Britain by penal taxation (and, I should add, by the State's interest in the Central Electricity Board's "grid").

* * *

Turning from politics to economics, Lord Bearsted invited his shareholders to seize the following facts: First, world consumption of oil products is slowly increasing, but would increase much more rapidly if governments lightened oil taxation and made less use of the oil companies as tax gatherers. Secondly, the Oil Bill has not passed the U.S. Congress, so that illegal surplus production cannot be eliminated in America, and oil prices cannot rise to any material extent. Thirdly, the competitive power of Russia in the oil markets has "practically vanished." In other words, the oil situation is better than it was, but is not yet stabilised. Translating these economic facts into investment terms, it seems that the holders of Shell Union preference shares must wait a longer time for their "back" dividends than they were led to expect; while the holders of Royal Dutch and Shell ordinary shares cannot expect more than a small increase—if any at all—in their dividends this year. This is disappointing, but shareholders must think of the good which the Royal Dutch-Shell group is doing in distributing oil so cheaply to the public and in employing 85,000 white people in addition to an "enormous but varying amount of indigenous labour all over the world." The employees' provident fund of the group amounts to £34 millions entirely invested outside the business! Shareholders must remember that a Tory peer recently declared in a book on modern Toryism: "Capital exists to find employment, not to make profits."

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THE charge for Classified Advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

SCHOOLS

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this School is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross in 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

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BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3-10. Girls 3-12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10-19. Playing fields, park, woodland 93 acres. Riding, Swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance, or may specialise in Languages, Art. Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

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KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Apply MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

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A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Founded 1858. A new modern Junior School building to provide additional accommodation for Junior Boarders up to the age of twelve will be opened on Speech Day, 1934. Entrance Scholarships to the Senior School. Head Mistress, MISS B. M. BAKER, B.A.

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ADVICE on the choice of SUITABLE
SCHOOLS AND TUTORS
for BOYS and GIRLS with prospectuses of recommended establishments will be given free of charge to parents stating age of pupil, district preferred, range of fees, and type of school required.
J. & J. PATON
143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.
Telephone: Mansion House 5053.

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A THOROUGHLY up-to-date Public School for Boys and Girls, 10-18. Individual attention; initiative encouraged—Greater Felcourt, East Grinstead, W.1., Sx.

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COLWYN BAY, NORTH WALES.
RECOGNISED BY BOARD OF EDUCATION.
A Boarding School which prepares boys (7–14) for Public Schools and R.N.C. Dartmouth. Bracing atmosphere. Special attention to health and diet. School run on modern, progressive lines. Prospectus from Headmaster, J. L. Ryder, M.A. (Cantab.)

PRIVATE PROFIT IS NOT MADE
in the manufacture of Cinubi (the uncommercialised dentifrice). The selling agencies are allowed a fair profit—that is all. Speaking on Regnego at the Fellowship Church, Tumble, the other Sunday, Mr. Forster compared its manufacturing department with the liqueur-making monks of old. "New Health" (edited by Sir William Arbuthnot Lane), referring to the R.P.S. says, "leading the way to a more intelligent health."

DON'T USE TOOTH-PASTE
Order Cinubi from your chemist or write to the Regnega Production Service, 61-63, St. Matthews Street, Ipswich, for free leaflet. The following is taken from the May issue of "New Health": "Cinubi . . . contains valuable bark extracts and has been found to exercise a marked deterrent effect on dental decay. Not only does it also thoroughly clean the teeth but it strengthens the gums."
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SCHOOLS—continued

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L'AVENIR, Villars sur Bex, Switzerland. International school for boys and girls (4-18), combining modern methods in education with the advantages of family life. Altitude 4,100 feet.

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APPOINTMENTS—continued

BOROUGH OF MIDDLETON.
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN.

APPLICATIONS are invited from persons of either sex, being Associates or Fellows of the Library Association or holders of the Diploma of the School of Librarianship, for the position of LIBRARIAN at a salary of £250 per annum.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, endorsed "Librarian," must be delivered to the undersigned not later than 3rd July next.

Canvassing either directly or indirectly will disqualify.

Town Hall, Middleton. EDWARD SMITH,
19th June, 1934. Town Clerk.

STUDENT (woman), desires holiday post. Mid-July to Mid-September. Apply Box 525, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

". . . thank you for the prompt way in which the N.S. came along to me weekly despite the changes of address I had to advise." Excerpt from a subscriber's letter on the conclusion of a European trip.

Changes of address should reach this office not later than first post Wednesday to ensure prompt delivery. The Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM,
DURHAM COLLEGES.

The COUNCIL OF THE DURHAM COLLEGES invites applications for the post of LIBRARIAN (male).

Preference will be given to a graduate of a British University with library training.

The stipend will be £600 per annum, and the person appointed will be required to join the Federated Superannuation Scheme. The duties will begin on October 1st, 1934, or as soon after as can be arranged.

Applications and testimonials (10 copies of each) must reach the Secretary of Council, 38 North Bailey, Durham, on or before June 29th. Further particulars may be obtained by application to this address.

UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND
JOHANNESBURG.
South Africa.

Applications are invited for a
JUNIOR LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.
Salary, £354–£409 (men), £304–£354 (women). Duties to commence February 1st, 1935. Applications must reach the Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. (from whom forms of application and further particulars may be obtained) not later than Saturday, July 14th, 1934.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF STOCKPORT
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
SENIOR MALE ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for the position of a SENIOR MALE ASSISTANT, at a salary of £200 per annum, rising, subject to approved service, by annual increments of £15 to £260 per annum.

The position is designated under the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to submit a satisfactory medical certificate.

Candidates must have had practical experience in cataloguing and classification and modern public library work and possess certificates of the Library Association.

Conditions of appointment and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned. Applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials, addressed to the Chairman, Parks, Museums and Libraries Committee, Central Public Library, Stockport, and endorsed "Senior Assistant," should be returned not later than Thursday, 28th June. DAVID D. NICHOLS, Borough Librarian.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
APPOINTMENT OF SUB-LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the above position, which carries a salary of £180–£10–£220. Candidates must be men not older than 30 years of age. They must have practical experience of modern library methods and hold not less than four Library Association Certificates or the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. Applications (single copies) accompanied by not more than three testimonials, with references if desired, must be received not later than noon on July 3rd, 1934. The application form may be had from the LIBRARIAN.

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL:
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
COUNTY LIBRARIES.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian-in-Charge (Male) of the County Branch Library, Chichester, at a Salary of £150 per annum rising to £200 by annual increments of £10.

Applicants must have had experience in lending and reference library work, and must possess Certificates of the Library Association.

The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be forwarded to the Secretary, West Sussex Education Committee, Northgate, Chichester, not later than 6th July, 1934.

J. EDWARD SEAGER,
Clerk of the County Council.

THE PRISON COMMISSIONERS are prepared to receive applications for the post of HOUSE-MISTRESS at H.M. BORSTAL INSTITUTION, AYLESBURY, BUCKS. Candidates should be women who have had a secondary school or university education. They should be between the ages of 28 and 40, and should be physically fit. It is of primary importance that they should have had experience of dealing with the more difficult type of working class girls, and should be actuated by a keen desire to understand and help them. The selected candidate will be required not only to lead and influence girls, but also to teach and to organise games. The post will be subject to a probationary period of not less than one year.

Salary at the rate of £270 15s. per annum rising by annual increments to £352 17s. per annum, the maximum being attainable after seven years' approved service. Free unfurnished accommodation or a cash allowance in lieu is provided, also medical attention and medicines under the approved regulations.

The post is pensionable under the usual Civil Service conditions.

Forms of application can be obtained from the SECRETARY, Prison Commission, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. Completed forms must reach the Secretary by 14th July, 1934.

RHYTHMIC Physical Training and group dancing on modern German lines. Visiting school clientele required. ELINOR LORING, c/o N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.